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THE CHIEF NEWS development of the first few days of the Senate's inquiry into the activities of William B. Shearer at the naval limitation conference at Geneva in 1927 was a disclosure that in addition to anti-disarmament propaganda American shipbuilders had spent $143,000 in this country in lobbying for the Jones-White merchant-marine act. This was admitted by Clinton L. Bardo, president of the New York Shipbuilding Company (owned by the American Brown-Boveri interests), and we join with Senator Borah in demanding that in due course the Senate bring to light all possible details in regard to the use of this huge fund. So far as the Shearer propaganda goes, it is pleasing to hear Charles M. Schwab express pacifist sentiments and to learn that neither he nor Eugene Grace, president of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, knew about the hiring of Mr. Shearer at the time it was done. It is easy to believe that. The upper executives of our big-business firms can't know all that goes on—and it is part of the technique of such organizations that they shouldn't. Mr. Bardo and Samuel W. Wakeman, vice-president of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, made no such disclaimers. Of the interview at which Mr. Shearer was engaged Mr. Wakeman said: "I was sorta jazzed off my feet," while Mr. Bardo admitted he was "impressed." Both insisted that Mr. Shearer was sent to Geneva merely as an observer. If that were true stockholders would have a good case against Messrs. Wakeman and Bardo for wasting money on an unnecessary and profitless object. But Mr. Shearer was less up in the clouds. He knew exactly what he was hired for and he did it.

IF CUBA HAD BEEN CAPTURED by a labor dictatorship and controlled as completely as it is today by the reactionary regime of President Machado, our marines would have invaded Havana long ago—and legally they would have justified their action by the Platt Amendment to the Cuban constitution and by the Permanent Treaty between Cuba and the United States giving our government the right to intervene at any time "for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." Everyone familiar with conditions in Cuba in recent years knows that the Cubans have not had such a government; free speech and a free press have been destroyed, and political opposition has been suppressed by every illegal device from bribery to murder. But, since Machado is a friend of American sugar, banking, and power interests, the protests against his tyrannies have resulted thus far in nothing but occasional headlines in the American press. (Cuban editors who voiced opposition have been mysteriously killed.) Under the circumstances we welcome the discussion caused by the appointment of Harry F. Guggenheim as ambassador to Cuba. Regardless of the merits of Mr. Guggenheim, it is good that his appointment brought the outrages of the Machado regime to the floor of the Senate, where they should have been ventilated long ago. If Secretary Stimson can follow up the discussion with a few pointed questions addressed to the Cuban Government, we may yet learn the truth about the imprisonment of the aged American business man, Joseph E. Barlow, and the bribery of Cuban legislators by lottery profits.

MORE TIME FOR TARIFF debate has been demanded at Washington, so the Senate is meeting at eleven o'clock instead of at noon, with the possibility of night sessions looming in the offing. In view of the fact that income-tax returns from hundreds of corporations have been called for, ostensibly to enable the Senate to learn how far the corporations are likely to be affected by the new schedules, there seems to be no good reason why the debate should not run on indefinitely. Senator Blaine of Wisconsin, insurgent Republican, has served notice that if any attempt is made to jam the bill through without plenty of time for consideration there are enough opposition Senators to block that procedure, and has broadly hinted at the possibility of a filibuster. The game of filibustering is always a dangerous one to play, and legislative business of all kinds

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usually suffers while the sport is on, but the threat may have the effect of making the sponsors for the Smoot-Hawley bill cautious. President Hoover, meanwhile, lies low and says nothing except through his friends, these latter, however, taking occasion to point out that he had said his say when he urged a limited tariff revision to help agriculture and that it is for Congress to draft a bill that will meet his wishes. It is entirely proper for the President to remind Congress that it, and not he, is the legislative part of the government, but if Congress flouts Mr. Hoover's request and passes a bill that he does not want, and he then signs the bill because he would rather have some bill than no bill at all, he will share with Congress the odium of another tariff monstrosity.

VISCOUNT CECIL has had to compromise with the Assembly of the League of Nations, and we are rather glad, under the circumstances, that he has. The noble lord tried to commit the Assembly to a resolution which called for the application of the same principles to the reduction of air and land armaments that were applied to naval armaments, a reconsideration of the decision of the Preparatory Commission to exclude consideration of trained reserves and war stocks, and an assertion of the authority of the League over any disarmament treaty that should be made. The compromise leaves Great Britain free to bring up these matters before the commission or in a conference, but without the Assembly's prior indorsement. If the real purpose in urging the resolution was to disassociate the Labor Government from the concession which the Baldwin Government made regarding reserves, the purpose was probably achieved, but from any other point of view the debate must have been embarrassing to Mr. MacDonald. There will be, of course, no completely satisfactory reduction of armaments until land and air forces as well as war vessels are included, but with France and Italy openly opposed to going into the question of armies and reserves now, and both of those Powers cool toward the proposed naval conference, it is better to center attention at the point at which something may possibly be accomplished, namely, the limitation of naval armaments. If the fleets of the great naval Powers can once be regulated, it will be easier to restrict armies and reserves, but there would be grave risk of failure if an attempt were made to do everything at once.

THE BRITISH MANDATE for Irak, or Mesopotamia, will be relinquished, and Irak admitted to membership in the League of Nations as a theoretically free and independent state in 1932, if the promise of an official announcement made at Bagdad on September 19 is fulfilled. Under the terms of the mandate, British supervision of Irak was to continue until 1950 unless before that time Irak was admitted to the League, but the exercise of the mandate has been the occasion of increasing irritation between the two governments and Great Britain has agreed to recommend to the League Council at its meeting next year that the relation be terminated. There is a string to the promise, however, for it is reported that Great Britain may decide to retain garrisons at a number of points to safeguard its communications with India, and the troublesome question of the control of the Mosul oil fields awaits a treaty settlement between the two countries. Something less than complete independence, accordingly, seems to be planned. We have never been enthusiastic over the mandate idea, and the prospect of another small state, independent enough to take part in political combinations but not independent enough to be wholly out from under the thumb of a great Power, does not appear to augur well for peace in the Near East, but we welcome nevertheless the promise of a considerably larger measure of independence. On the other hand, what Great Britain looks forward to in Irak it may have to consider in Palestine, where British administration is also being sharply criticized; all of which suggests that a mandate may be easier to take than to get rid of.

ONCE MORE the American Federation of Labor has lost a Southern textile strike because of what Norman Thomas calls "its ox-cart tactics in an automobile age." The strikers in the Baldwin and Clinchfield cotton mills of Marion, North Carolina, returned to work with no increase in wages and with no promise that the men originally discharged for union activities would be reinstated. The workers will be permitted to establish the fifty-five-hour week instead of the sixty-hour week by popular vote, if they so wish, but since reduction of hours would mean a commensurate reduction of wages to workers who are receiving about $12 a week, this is an empty privilege. The charges of rioting made against sixty strikers and leaders during the conflict will be pressed. In regard to this outcome at Marion we reiterate what we said at the end of the Elizabethton, Tennessee, strike—that to accept such a settlement and pretend that it is worth fighting for is a dangerous thing for any union to do. The mildest thing that can be said about the national leaders of the American Federation of Labor and the United Textile Workers in connection with the Marion strike is that they displayed almost criminal sluggishness. (This does not apply to the local leader, Alfred Hoffman.) Although the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. was in session during the strike, it devised no centralized plan for helping those in need, leaving the problem almost entirely to the independent Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief. We hope that the leaders who allowed this Marion strike to collapse will get the condemnation they so richly deserve on the floor of the A. F. of L. convention when it meets in Toronto in October.

MEANWHILE THE COMMUNISTS in the South are getting all the front-page publicity not because they have succeeded in organizing any large number of Southern workers, but because their militant tactics have aroused wildly fanatical opposition. On September 17 three anti-Communist terrorists kipnapped and severely beat a Southern organizer of the left-wing union, Cleo Tesneair, and dynamited some union property at King's Mountain, North Carolina, near Governor Gardner's home. The situation has become so much like a civil war that the New York *World* declares: "For the sake of saving human life and the avoidance of futile bloodshed and violence, the Communist Party should withdraw its organizers from Gastonia, North Carolina, and suspend its propaganda." But what is civil government for if it will not protect unpopular agitators who are attacking the prevailing system of industrial control? If lawless mobs of reactionaries are allowed to

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drive out the Communists, their action will be a precedent for the smashing of every future militant movement against the industrial feudalism and racial arrogance which dominate the South. Granting that the Communists have been extremely foolish in pretending that a strike which collapsed three months ago is still in progress, foolishness is not a crime on our statute books. Moreover, it must be admitted that the Communists, by their hyperbolical tactics, have done more in the last ten months to advertise the grievances of Southern mill workers than the constitutional labor forces have done in ten years.

FEDERAL HELP for every farmer who needs it was probably the expectation of most of those who supported the creation of a Federal Farm Board and the expenditure of $500,000,000 to make farming pay. What seems likely to happen is that federal aid will go, for a time at least, chiefly to farmers who have large farms and raise staple crops of wheat, corn, or cotton, while mixed farming on small farms will be left to get on as well as it can without government help. The Rhode Island Commissioner of Agriculture, Harry R. Lewis, speaking at the recent meeting of the New England Council at Hanover, New Hampshire, declared that New England was facing a crisis comparable to that which appeared when free lands in the West were opened seventy-five years ago. The Western farmers, already producing on a large scale and with their cooperative marketing associations strengthened under federal direction, will be able, according to Mr. Lewis, to intensify greatly the competition which in New England has long been severe. Ultimately, he thought, the outcome would be beneficial, but the immediate outlook was dark. What is true of New England is true of the whole Northeastern section of the country—a region whose centers of dense population create large markets for food but where small-scale mixed farming is the prevailing agricultural type. There are small farms, too, everywhere: of the 6,371,640 farms in the United States in 1925, 2,417,227 contained less than fifty acres each. It will be interesting to see how the Farm Board, which is spending $10,000,000 a week to boost agriculture, will deal with this phase of its problem.

STOCK DIVIDENDS and voting rights have become matters of general interest now that some millions of persons in the United States are holders of securities, and anything that goes to clarify those matters for the common man is to be welcomed. One trouble with the stock dividend has been that it was not always possible for an investor to ascertain, without the help of an expert accountant, whether the dividend represented earnings or surplus hitherto undistributed and hence a return of profit on the investment, or whether it represented merely a split-up of shares which did not affect either the value of the property or the volume of its earnings. Non-voting stock, on the other hand, has been criticized on the ground that it gave the holder no voice in the management of the corporation. The president of the New York Stock Exchange has recently announced that the Exchange will not only exclude non-voting stock from listing, but that it will also endeavor to obtain from the corporations whose stocks are listed such information as will enable the investor to tell whether stock dividends represent a capitalization of current or past earnings or "merely split-ups involving an expression in a new form of what was already his." This is sound business procedure which it is to be hoped all the other stock exchanges in the country will hasten to follow.

WHO ARE THE INHABITANTS of Boston? Where do they buy their books? Do they come to New York to see their plays? These queries arise as a result of the recent banning of Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" from presentation in a Boston theater. It is unnecessary to repeat what has been said before about the play's quality, about the playwright's eminence, about the respectability of the producing company—the Theater Guild of New York—or about the fact that the play received the Pulitzer Prize in 1928 as the most outstanding dramatic presentation of the year. "Strange Interlude" thus suffers in Boston the fate of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry," and H. G. Wells's "The World of William Clissold." Boston now has the distinction of having put on its *index expurgatorius* four of the best known living writers in English. One might, of course, take the time to make up a list of twenty-five of the most distinguished writers of the entire world, living or dead, with the almost complete assurance that all of them would receive the disapproval of Boston's purity societies. But it would not be worth the trouble. As long as books banned by the authorities can be bought surreptitiously in Boston—as they are bought—and as long as the people of Boston do not care enough about their reputation for good judgment and sanity to protest against the actions of their censors, whoever they may be, and demand that these same books be sold openly as they are sold in any civilized place, Boston, we offer, deserves just about what it gets in the way of literature.

SOME ELEGANT SIDESTEPPING has been done by a number of persons as a result of an announcement by the Rev. William S. Blackshear, rector of St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, that he preferred to have Negroes worship elsewhere than under the roof of his particular tabernacle. The Right Reverend Bishop of New York, Mr. Manning, declared that the matter was one for the individual diocese; the Right Reverend Bishop of Long Island, Mr. Stires, replied to a protest by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that "no organization outside the church has the right to call upon a bishop to rebuke one of his clergymen." However, in a letter to that association, lately made public, the bishop comes out handsomely for no discrimination and quotes Mr. Blackshear as saying that he did not mean to exclude the colored communicants from his church, but merely wished to suggest that they might get on better in their own. If this is an honest change of heart on his part, or if he was actually misunderstood, it is good news. And if the bishop is quite sincere in saying: "It is my personal conviction that we must avoid drawing any such line [the color line] in the house of God or at the Lord's table," then we must apologize for suspecting him. But he was too slow in making his statement, and his public rebuke to Mr. Blackshear is a little too tender. A dash of pepper might help next time and a show of honest and entirely Christian indignation.

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Naval Reduction—Hoover Style

IN his speech at the dinner of the Pilgrim Society in London a few weeks ago Ambassador Dawes, after trying to explain how the Hoover "yardstick" might work when applied to the problem of Anglo-American naval parity, insisted that any agreement about naval reduction that might be reached ought to be so simple and clear that the average person who knows nothing about naval technicalities could understand it. Elaborate arrangements and complicated formulas, he made bold to say, would only confuse the issue and the moral effect of actually calling a halt in naval building would be lost.

Anyone who has tried to follow in the newspapers the course of the naval negotiations as they appear to have been carried on at Washington may well wonder why Mr. Dawes's sensible warning has not been taken to heart. A worse job of publicity, as far as keeping the public informed and winning its support for a great international undertaking go, has never been put over on the American people, and the newspaper correspondents who have had to wrestle with the "news" of the disarmament plan are entitled to sympathy. It is still far from clear to what extent anything like agreement between the American and British governments has been reached, but it seems worth while, without trying to forecast the future, to point out what appears to be the main thing that Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald will find it necessary to talk about.

According to a table issued on September 14 by the Bureau of Naval Intelligence at Washington, Great Britain is to be credited at present with 1,345,232 tons of naval vessels of all classes and the United States with 1,293,972 tons. So much of this tonnage as is comprised in capital ships need not be considered, since its distribution was regulated by the Washington conference, and the question of aircraft carriers, destroyers, submarines, and auxiliary vessels has been kept in the background as yet. The controversy has centered on cruisers, of which Great Britain is credited with 401,791 tons and the United States with 300,500 tons. The British cruiser strength is represented by 52 cruisers built, 7 under construction (work on two has lately been halted), and 3 authorized: a total of 62. The American cruiser strength is represented by 10 cruisers built, 13 under construction, and 10 authorized: a total of 33.

In a semi-official statement given at London on September 16, Great Britain was represented as prepared to content itself with 15 cruisers of the 10,000-ton class, carrying 8-inch guns and having a total displacement of 146,800 tons, and 35 cruisers of about 6,500 tons, carrying 6-inch guns and having a total displacement of 192,000 tons. The United States on its part, the statement declared, desired 21 8-inch gun cruisers of the larger type, the 10 present cruisers of the Omaha type—7,000-ton vessels with 6-inch guns—and 5 new cruisers of the same type. The total British tonnage by 1936, when this arrangement would have been carried out, would be 339,000 and the total American tonnage 315,000. The British Government, however, considered that American needs would be met by 18 instead of 21 8-inch gun cruisers, representing about 30,000 tons, and it was this difference, the statement affirmed, that remained to be adjusted.

The alleged discrepancies in the London statement between the British and American tonnage claims, apparently due to different methods of measurement, are of no special importance save as they illustrate the bungling way in which the business of publicity has been managed. The crux of the matter is the cruiser tonnage. If the London version of the state of the negotiations is correct, Great Britain, which at the Geneva conference insisted that it needed at least 70 large cruisers, has now agreed to get on with 50, but the much-heralded aim of parity is to be attained only by continued naval building by the United States. The United States, in asking for 36 cruisers, is asking for three more than it now has built, building, or authorized. This, at the moment, is naval reduction, Hoover style. Great Britain is to stop construction, scrap vessels as they wear out, and so bring down the volume of its naval tonnage in cruisers. The United States is also to scrap worn-out vessels, but it is to go on building until about 1936, by which time, while it would still have some 24,000 less cruiser tons than Great Britain, it would have six large cruisers more than the British and a cruiser tonnage greater by 15,250 tons, according to the calculation of the Foreign Policy Association, than it would have had if the full program of naval construction adopted by the last Congress had been carried out.

So much for the cruiser situation. The Anglo-American agreement, however, whatever it is or is to be, is only a preliminary to a five-Power arrangement in which Italy, France, and Japan, it is hoped, will join. On September 17 it was announced in London that invitations were on their way to Paris, Rome, and Tokyo for a five-Power conference at London in the third week of January. The invitations, it was stated, emanated from the British Government, but similar invitations from the American Government would follow. The next day Washington announced that there would be no American invitations, but that Great Britain would be left to sponsor the conference, while British "official sources" denied that any invitations had been sent or that the time or place of meeting had been decided.

Probably there will be a conference, probably it will be held at London, and probably France, Italy, and Japan as well as the United States will attend. If the tone of the French and Italian press is an indication of the attitude of the French and Italian governments, France and Italy will go to London with no enthusiasm, and Japan may disturb the proceedings by asking for a somewhat larger tonnage ratio than it has under the Washington agreement. Both France and Italy are engaged in a large program of naval building; both set much store by the submarine, which Great Britain would like to abolish; both are suspicious of an Anglo-American entente of any kind; and both are irritated at having been left thus far at one side. It is to be hoped, however, that there may be an agreement, and that the navies may at least be kept from growing larger even if they do not rapidly grow any smaller.

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Red-Baiters

The officially declared purpose of the Communists is to wipe the white man's civilization from the face of the earth.

If the Reds can carry their plans to a logical conclusion they will kill off the majority of the white men in a world revolution and appropriate the white women to breed a mongrel race.

This is the bald and unadorned truth, and the sooner that Senator William E. Borah and other congressional stuffed-shirt champions of Soviet Russia realize this fact the better it will be for the world in general.

NO, gentle reader, this is not a quotation from *Liberty,* the *Saturday Evening Post,* or the Gastonia *Gazette;* it is from a news story circulated by the International Labor News Service whose president is Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor. This news service, sent out from Washington under the direction of the man who has been the intellectual czar of the A. F. of L., is received everywhere in American labor circles as the semi-official expression of the labor movement.

Mr. Woll and his underlings have become so obsessed with an anti-Communist spirit that they have no more sense of proportion than the Lusk Committee or A. Mitchell Palmer during the height of the post-war hysteria. They sent the above statements, which were part of the description of a dance of Negroes and whites in a Chicago hall, to Southern papers just after the American Federation had welcomed the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters into membership. It is not necessary to describe the reaction of Southern whites against all progressive labor activity among Negroes after such provocation.

Recently, with the prisoners in Gastonia facing the possibility of the electric chair, the International Labor News Service sent to its clients the following statements in an editorial:

> Some people think the American Federation of Labor spends too much time fighting the Reds. Such people are blind to the issue or totally ignorant about it.
>
> In Gastonia some Communists are to be tried for murder. If Americans—or Russians—tried to do in Russia what these Reds tried to do—or threatened to do—in America there would not be any trials. There would be just some quiet shooting.
>
> It is to be hoped that the Gastonia Communists will be tried for murder, not for communism. In Russia they would be tried for counter-revolution, not for murder.

Whatever pious qualifications may be tacked to it, such a statement in the present inflamed condition of Southern opinion is a direct incitement to "some quiet shooting." Granted that the Communists have grossly exaggerated the aims of the American Federation, such veiled appeals to fascist tactics are inexcusable.

In a letter addressed to President William Green of the A. F. of L. we asked for a complete copy of the above editorial and expressed ourselves as loath to believe that the federation would stand behind such provocative statements. He replied: "The International Labor News Service is not published by the American Federation of Labor. We are not in any way responsible for any matter published therein." We are glad to hear that, and we hope some one in official power in the federation will inform the hundreds of labor editors throughout the country who take Matthew Woll's service that it is in no sense a federation service. But what of Mr. Woll? He continues as vice-president of the A. F. of L. and dominates its educational policy while serving as acting president of the National Civic Federation. The only effective way for labor to repudiate Matthew Woll's news service is to repudiate Matthew Woll.

Reforming the Calendar

AGITATION goes on steadily for the reform of our allegedly cumbersome and unwieldy method of reckoning time. There are the International Fixed Calendar League and the National Industrial Association for Calendar Reform. George Eastman of Rochester, New York, is one of the most ardent champions of the latest proposal, which in brief suggests the introduction of thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, with a day left over for some special holiday or other. The months would always begin on the same day of the week, and business houses urge that many advantages would accrue from the orderly repetition of months and days.

There are, of course, all sorts of more or less frivolous objections that might be raised to this system. Thus we have tenants who pay rent every month complaining of thirteen rent days instead of twelve, and wage slaves who earn their stipends weekly crying that they will still get only fifty-two pay envelopes while their fellow-workers who are paid by the month will get one more than they did before. Of course difficulties like these are not really very serious. Yearly rentals come out the same whether divided into twelve or thirteen equal parts; and salaries would quickly become adjusted to the new schedule. If business honestly believes that it would flourish more energetically under the new system, there is only sentiment to stand in the way of its adoption. And sentiment, in this or perhaps any other age, fights a losing battle with expediency.

Thus it is probably only a question of time until the calendar by which European and American peoples now live will be superseded by a more uniform and more easily calculated system. We shall still have to remember that it takes the earth 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 46 seconds to make one complete revolution around the sun. We thus have something under a quarter of a day to account for in our calendar reckoning of a year as 365 days. In the present Gregorian calendar, adopted in 1582 and subsequently intercalated, elaborate adjustments were made to account for the extra days and hours. Thus we have leap-year, or an extra day added every four years, except on the last year of the century, which is a common year—except in centuries divisible by four, which are on the contrary leap-years (except that the years 4,000, 8,000, 12,000, etc., are common years). This is complicated enough, and most people who turn on their desk calendars the leaves of the days and months have forgotten it if they ever knew it. And even this system misses out on a day once in two hundred centuries.

It is unfortunate, particularly for our business organi-

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zations, that the sun is not more regular, and still more sad that the moon takes 29½ days to wax and wane. How simple if it were an even twenty-eight! Then if the earth's orbit about the sun could be tightened up a little, we should have an orderly year by nature, and could proceed to impose it on the many other nations of the earth who have calendars still different from our own. There are actually in the world at this moment primitive peoples who reckon time by natural phenomena; who watch the harvest or the winds or the rains and name their divisions of the year after them, instead of after Roman emperors or Roman numerals. There are peoples who do not believe that January 1 is New Year's Day, and indeed, except for the accident which made the Roman consuls take office on that day, it would not be. If business wanted to be strictly logical it would insist that the year be dated from the first robin or better still the first straw hat. Then as the sap rose we should number our days in orderly and regular procession. When the year was at its lowest, the hour before the advent of spring, we should number the last day. This might occasion a further complication to determine just when the dead line should occur. But by taking thought it could undoubtedly be done. The President of the United States takes office March 4. There is at present no earthly reason for his doing so on that date; what better justification for it could be found than to make that the first day of the New Year?

Exit Another King

IN its report on the sinking of the steamship Vestris the British Board of Trade shattered a popular idol. It made plain to the public what sailors and ship-owners already knew, that the sea captain, once monarch of all he surveyed, had dwindled to a shadow of his former glory. The Vestris sank, the court of inquiry said, because she was overloaded. Of course the captain was aware of this condition before he left the dock; he knew, indeed, that it was a habit of the agents to send the ship to sea overloaded. But he could do absolutely nothing about it, and he knew that too. When caught in a savage storm the captain waited six hours too long before sending out his S O S, the court concluded, but it censured him mildly, pointing out instead that the instructions from the owners made it inevitable that he should think rather more of salvaging his ship than of the duty of saving the passengers and crew.

In the days when ships were sent out chiefly for war or discovery they were commanded by nobles and soldiers—non-professional seamen. When, about 1700, trade became a more important reason for ships than war or discovery, subordinates who had previously been only pilots or sailing masters began to emerge as professional ships' commanders. By 1750 the ship's captain had acquired a mate and no longer worked as one of the sailors in handling the vessel or loading cargo. By 1800 the captain had a couple of mates and no longer stood a watch; he had become a king aboard, with power of life or death over his subjects. For the next half century, at least, his power continued to grow. He arranged for his own cargoes and he fixed the rates; he became a trade scout abroad. He had ships built and rigged as he wanted them. He received large commissions and shared in the ownership of the vessel under him. In the British East India Company captains wore cocked hats and sidearms, and sparkled in uniforms of blue and gold. They were allowed part of the cargo space for handling merchandise on their own account, and with salary, commissions, and private trade made as much as $50,000 a year. A ship of 1,200 tons carried a crew of as many as 130 persons, four or five times the number to which such vessels were later reduced. The captain had six mates, and he and each of his officers had a personal servant. Writing in a recent issue of the *Nautical Gazette,* James Hanna says of the American sea captain of the middle of the nineteenth century:

> If he so desired he took his wife to sea with him, and the only intimation that the owner might receive of this would be a bill for a double bed. The famous Williamson sailed from Baltimore with a harem of three. He [the captain] could no longer be discharged or otherwise dispossessed of his ship, providing he owned a share or more in her. No laws curtailed his power; he became responsible to God alone, and these were not particularly God-fearing men.

But the beginning of the sea captain's decline was near. The steamship had arrived, and although the sailor would have none of it, fate forced it upon him. The sea captain wanted nothing to do with its engines, and so a new tribe of seafarers came in to take charge of the inwards of a vessel—and grew in importance. Then came the marine cable, limiting the captain's activities when in port. Governments stepped in too, insisting upon inspecting and licensing him. Owners saw a chance to reassert themselves. They appointed agents at home and abroad to look after sailings and cargoes; they cut the captain's pay, commissions, and perquisites. Port captains, port engineers, and port stewards were put above him. Shore-living stevedores took over the loading of the ship. Regular schedules and courses were laid out for him to follow, and finally, with the coming of wireless telegraphy, the actions of the so-called ship's master began to be controlled at sea as well as ashore. The captain's pride was further humbled by laws restricting his authority over the crew, until now (shades of the old New England bucko skippers!) he can no longer hit, or even curse, the most provocative member of the ship's company without making himself liable to legal action. Meanwhile modern safety devices have been rendering the navigating skill of the bridge officer of less and less importance. The radio direction-finder, the fathometer, the gyro compass, the mechanical mile-indicator are making the guiding of a ship surer but more automatic. As Mr. Hanna unkindly says of the modern sea captain's relation to his ship: "It would not make a penny worth of difference if he were left behind by some mischance when she sailed." And he goes on to remark of this fallen monarch:

> I have seen him, hundreds of times, perplexed by doubts not of his own making; troubled by fears which he cannot do anything about and harassed by conditions that he cannot change. I have seen him dispossessed of his quarters by a friend of the claim agent, and with his pillow and blanket hunting a place to sleep. I have seen him cursed by his engineers and derided by his seamen. I have heard him bawled out by a stock clerk who might well have been his daughter, and I have heard him inveigh bitterly against the sea and everything connected with it.

It is a sad picture. Let us turn it toward the wall.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

WHAT'S the matter with Boston? I think the answer is miscegenation. I have in mind no phase of the Negro problem, but rather the destructive coalition which has been made between the old New England stock and the Irish-Catholic infusion. Whenever Boston bars a book it is customary for cartoonists to picture a Puritan in a tall hat burning witches. Let us waive the quibble that the Puritans actually burned no witches and merely killed a few by a process known as "pressing." My point is that the onus for Boston's backwardness cannot justly be placed at the Puritan door-sill. Among the individuals chiefly responsible for agitation against magazines, plays, and books we find such names as Curley and Fitzgerald who are not likely to have had kin on the Mayflower.

Accordingly, I wish to make my indictment double. There has been much wailing about the diminution of native stock in Massachusetts. The old names dwindle. The Lowells and the Cabots talk more than they propagate. Yet it seems to me that there is still strength in the strain. Be there so much as one drop of Puritan blood in a union and there is at least a chance that the resulting offspring will be blue-nosed. Boston is the most predominatingly Catholic city in the United States, but though the Irish have made a complete political conquest of the Minute Men they have lost the savor of their own faith in the victory. The Church of Rome in its long history has harbored many Puritans, but in the vast domains of the world today it is for the most part a comfortable congregation. Personal liberty, for men at least, has flourished in Catholic communities. Only in Boston has the church sold out to Calvin.

Surely no general indictment can be drawn against the denomination, for Baltimore, which is almost as strongly Catholic as Boston, remains the capital of the Free State of Maryland so eloquently celebrated by Mr. Mencken. To be sure, there has been for centuries an Index, but books have been very sparingly banned for sprightliness or overfrankness in sex questions. The reformers of the church have been almost exclusively intent upon discouraging more theological heresy. For instance, the great painters who served the popes and cardinals never seemed to be limited in their attempts to get exciting flesh tints. The smut-hunting Catholic is false to the traditions of his faith. Perhaps some cognizance must be taken of the fact that the Irish Catholic is not close kin to his fellow-communicants in other parts of the world. Many of us make the mistake of speaking always of the Catholic church as if it were all of a piece. So it may be as to creed and ritual but the texture of its elements is divergent. Between a German and an Irish Catholic there is, as far as temperament goes, almost as great a gap as that which yawns between hell and heaven. It is in America alone we find that curious hybrid the Presbyterian-Catholic.

Yet no attack should ever be made upon the Irishman without recognition of the factors which have brought him to his present estate. "If you cure a neurotic," said a well-known psychiatrist, "there is grave danger that he will merely accept health as a new symptom." Liberty may cause the same uneasiness in the heart of an oppressed people. The Irish fought, bled, and died for independence, and when this commodity had been won among the earliest concerns of the Free State was the passage of the most cruel and silly censorship law which any civilized country has ever known.

Plays and novels have celebrated the fact that the black Irish of Ulster are a dour and a crabbed folk hard ridden by the tyranny of conscience. But there is not as general a recognition of the fact that the Catholic inhabitants are actually close kin of their Protestant countrymen in all spiritual matters. The gay and carefree Irishman is a monstrous fiction invented by English authors opposed to home rule. I care not whether he comes from the North or the South, give any Irishman sufficient beer and he will weep into it. St. Patrick may have driven out the snakes but he left the consciousness of guilt behind. Censorship is, of course, a form of flagellation. We scourge those things which we repress and fear and upon this common understanding the black Irish and the blue New Englanders of Boston have combined to bruise creative American literature.

Though Cambridge is a political entity it is close enough to Boston to exert a powerful influence at such times as Harvard possesses strong leadership. Dr. Eliot constituted a liberal force which served to check some of the wilder excesses of Boston's fanaticism. A. Lawrence Lowell has not measured up to this role. There is great misunderstanding about the character of the present head of Harvard University. After the Sacco-Vanzetti case many got the impression that here was a man lacking in mercy and kindly instincts. Not to mention understanding. This is a false picture. President Lowell means well but he lacks courage. Where the current flows there goes A. Lawrence Lowell. It is not in him to leap waterfalls.

In speaking of the Puritanism of Boston it is well to distinguish between thought and deed. In the matter of conduct Boston is liberal enough. Within the confines of the town one may live many a novel which he would not dare to write. Even before prohibition Boston was adept at liquor hypocrisy. A twelve o'clock closing law in the matter of liquor sales meant very little since it was the custom of waiters in restaurants to turn back the hands of the clock after the manner of the United States Senate in a late session. Vice has generally been pretty open in the Hub. The only rule was that nobody should mention it. The word Hub brings to mind the extraordinary fact that Boston was once considered the intellectual center of America. All this must have ended about the time Emerson died. Realistically minded theatrical managers have known for a generation that no show could make money in Boston without a chorus.

And in my youth I remember that a favorite figure of the comic men was little Johnny Boston Beans. He wore horn-rimmed spectacles, knew long words, and read Ibsen. Of course there never was a Johnny Boston Beans and there never will be. Even if he knew the long words he couldn't read Ibsen. The Watch and Ward Society woudn't let him.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Zionism and the Peace of the World

By AMEEN RIHANI

THE peace of the world depends in a large measure upon peace in the heart of the world, in the Near East. And peace in the Near East depends in a greater measure upon the settlement of the question that has caused in the past ten years three uprisings in Palestine. The cradle of the Prince of Peace is still today, as it was in the past, a victim of Satanic humor. It is rather the cradle of a Jewish-Christian-Moslem belligerency that seems to be eternal. But should it be? Is there no end to it? That depends, not so much upon the military power of Great Britain to keep peace between the Arabs and the Jews, as upon the moral courage of the British Government to revoke its own decision about Zionism and make good its pledges to the Arabs.

According to these pledges, made in January, 1916, to the Sherif Hussein, who was then the Sherif of Mecca and afterwards became the leader of the Arab movement, Great Britain was to help the Arabs, if they joined the Allies, to establish an empire that was to include Iraq and Syria and Palestine. The Arabs joined the Allies, kept faith with the British, and contributed valiantly to their success. Indeed, without their cooperation in the Hejaz and across the Jordan the rear of General Allenby's army would have been cut by the Turks and the campaign in Palestine would have met with disaster. After the victory, in November, 1918, the British and the French governments in a joint declaration promised the Arabs "enfranchisement complete and final" and a government that was to draw its authority from "the initiative and free choice of the native population." But this "free choice" was flouted when at the conference of St. Remo Great Britain and France received their shares, in the form of mandates, of the spoils of war. Palestine fell to the British, whose Government, in November, 1917, forgetting its pledges to the Sherif Hussein, issued the Balfour Declaration for the establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine. Thus the pledge to the Jews is sandwiched between two pledges to the Arabs! And the irony of fate is that the Turks, who were conquered by the Arabs, have now a government of their own and are masters in their own house, while the Arabs north of the Peninsula are chafing under a peculiar form of foreign domination. Another instance of the irony of fate. King Hussein's dream of an Arab empire became a nightmare of British disloyalty, and he, the friend and ally of the British, was subsequently exiled by the British to Cyprus.

But the fall of Hussein in September, 1924, did not mean the end of the Arab movement. Its present leader is King Abd 'ul-Aziz ibn Saud, the conqueror of the Hejaz and the absolute ruler today of three-quarters of the Peninsula. His attitude toward the mandated countries in the North is unmistakable. He has never been in favor of foreign domination of any kind. But his policy is not that of his predecessor. Ibn Saud does not indulge in proclamations and protests. When he cannot act, he is silent. In the treaty he concluded with the British Government in May, 1927, he not only kept Akaba out of it, but also Syria and Palestine. He neither recognizes nor opposes the mandate system there. He has, however, expressed himself clearly upon Zionism. But he will wait to see how his friends the British are going to settle the question. If it is settled to the satisfaction of the Arabs, he will remain silent. If it is not—he will also remain silent. His silence in the former instance will be, as it were, static. In the latter it will be dynamic, and it will require a strong army to stem its energy and keep it from flowing across the Jordan.

The Zionists have realized this, and they have demanded of the British Government that an adequate military force be stationed in Palestine. Zionism, therefore, cannot feel secure and cannot prosper—cannot even exist—without an army strong enough to defend it. Which means, if the British Government complies with the demand of the Zionists, that the bitter feeling between them and the Arabs will increase and the cradle of the Prince of Peace will continue to be a cradle of strife and war. Indeed, it will mean continuous uprisings, not only in Palestine, but also in Syria and Iraq and along the desert borders.

Moreover, the Near East has always been and is more so today a field of political rivalry and jealousy for more than two of the European Powers. Russia and Italy still watch with expectation the political developments in their former spheres of influence. Even if the European Powers swear eternal friendship and peace among themselves, the continuous disturbances in the Near East will draw them into the vortex and eventually plunge them into a war, not with each other perhaps, but with the Eastern Powers around the scene of conflict. Turkey in the North, Persia in the East, Arabia in the South, here are three nations that are growing in power, under their three respective dictators, who never looked with favor upon European domination in the East.

I am not of those who believe in a Moslem world as a single unit. I am not of those who threaten Europe with a Moslem war. Pan-Islam, after the reign of the Caliph Omar, was never again realized, not even in the heyday of the Caliphates of Damascus or Bagdad. And Pan-Islam today is a bugaboo. But if war is waged against the Arabs there will be a Moslem uprising against the British in India, against the French in Syria, even in Morocco, against the Spanish in the Rif, against the Italians in Tripoli. And Zionism in Palestine will be the cause of it all.

There is no exaggeration, therefore, in the belief that the peace of the world depends in a large measure upon peace in Palestine. Let the more intelligent, the more reasonable, the more far-sighted Zionists consider this. Let them furthermore reconsider their claims to Palestine. What are these claims? Fundamentally, they are historical and religious. Because the Jews once conquered and ruled Palestine they believe that they still have a claim to it. On the same ground it may be rightfully claimed by the Egyptians, by the Persians, by the Greeks, and by the descendants of the Romans, the Italians. On the same ground Spain may rightfully claim Mexico and South America; and with more

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reason the American Indian would have a right to establish a national home in New York.

Even after the Arab conquest the Crusaders occupied the country on and off for two hundred years, and the descendants of Richard the Lion-Hearted or Godfrey of Bouillon have as much right to it as the Jews. But let us suppose that the British or the French were still in occupation of the Holy Land. Do you for a moment believe that they would give it to the Jews for a national home? The historical claim is preposterous.

Let us consider the religious claim. The prophecy of the Old Testament, we are told, must be fulfilled. I say it has been fulfilled, and it is being enormously fulfilled right here in New York. For Zion is not where once was a Jewish temple and where there is not today even the ruins of a Jewish temple. Zion does not consist in agricultural colonies and economic concessions. Zion is a spiritual ideal. Wherever the Scriptures are, there is Zion for the orthodox Jew. And wherever there are great opportunities for the acquisition of wealth and power, and for the enjoyment of life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, there is Zion for the mundane Jew, who is not unlike his Christian or Moslem neighbor anywhere, except perhaps in his capacity for acquisition and his exquisite delight in calculation.

If there is anything divine in these qualities, the Jews are the chosen people. And if they really believe that they are, they would be abusing the divine favor by segregating themselves in Palestine. The world is rightly their home. And they should be everywhere, as they have been since the Dispersion, not as a punishment to Israel but as a blessing to mankind.

Indeed, the desire of the Jews for a national home in Palestine implies an escape from their present state. But the higher desire, it seems to me, should imply a discovery. The Jews should discover themselves and realize their position in the world. They form today the financial bridges and to a great extent the intellectual links between the nations of the world. It is in their power to promote the highest ideal of mankind, far higher than the ideal of Zion.

The intellectual Jews everywhere are in the vanguard of the internationalism that is the harbinger of universal peace. Their allegiance is more to an idea than to a nation. Without a geographical nation themselves they have the power to help destroy the barriers between nations. This should be the goal of their achievements as a chosen people.

But will the British Government continue to defend Zionism to the end? And will the British taxpayer shoulder the burden of another war in the Near East for the sake of the Zionists? Americans, too, should consider the consequences. This country is on the eve of a naval pact with Great Britain, and President Hoover has expressed himself in favor of a Jewish national home. With American interests increasing in the Holy Land, therefore, and with American Jews agitating for Zionism there and bringing pressure to bear upon the Government here, might not the United States be also drawn into the conflict? In any event there can be no lasting peace in the Near East with Palestine as a national home for the Jews.

The Rights to a Jewish Home Land

By BERNARD FLEXNER

THE connection of the Jewish people with Palestine runs back over 3,000 years. Despite 2,000 years of exile, the country of the Book lives in the soul of the People of the Book and its memories cherished in poetry and prayer have never died. While many earlier attempts founded on religious and messianic hopes were made by the Jews to return to their ancestral land, the present national movement dates from the nineteenth century. Under enormous handicaps the Choveve Zion (Lovers of Zion) attempted small settlements in the early eighties and due to the sympathetic and generous support of Baron Edmond de Rothschild managed to survive. The great impetus to the movement came with the founding of the Zionist Organization by Herzl in 1897.

With the World War came the Balfour Declaration. All the Allied and Associated Powers formally placed themselves on record as favoring "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people" provided, of course, that nothing should be done to prejudice the civil and religious rights of the non-Jews. Some politicians perhaps might have been influenced by the exigencies of the war, but liberal statesmen like President Wilson, General Smuts, and Lord Robert Cecil viewed the establishment of a Jewish home land in Palestine as one of the few great constructive achievements of the period.

The Balfour Declaration was made in the light of the problem of world Jewry; it was not merely a pledge to the relatively small part of the Jewish people who might settle again in their ancestral land, but to the 14,000,000 of Jews throughout the world who willed for their people a home land and who would be expected to give ungrudgingly and generously to make that home land possible.

The Balfour Declaration was translated into the Mandate for Palestine under the League of Nations with Britain as mandatory. In the last ten years the Jews, in carrying out their part of the undertaking, have brought into Palestine capital estimated at $50,000,000. The Jewish settlers in Palestine have increased from fewer than 60,000 in 1919 to more than 150,000, about half of whom are on the land. Irrigation projects have been started; electric power and light have been made available; provision has been made for the development of the resources of the Dead Sea; a university has been founded.

The cooperative idea is strong in the Jewish settlement; the Jews are toilers, not mere entrepreneurs. The exploitation of Arab labor is frowned upon, and the Jewish trade unions are anxious, both as a matter of justice and for their own protection, to raise the standards of Arab laborers. While much of the capital imported into the country has been directly applied to Jewish settlement, it has also necessarily widened the markets for Arab products. It has vastly increased the taxable resources of the country which are uti-

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lized for the benefit of all. Much of the health work has redounded to the benefit of the Arab population; the Jewish hospitals and clinics are open to all, irrespective of race or creed. In 1927 38,414 visits to the clinics of the Hadassah Medical Organization were made by Moslems and 4,650 by Christians. Hundreds of Arab patients are annually admitted in the Hadassah hospitals. The terrible ravages of malaria have been effectively lessened primarily through Jewish efforts and Jewish finances. So outstanding has been the malarial work that the League of Nations has sent an international commission to study the methods used and their results. Land has in no case been taken from the Arabs. Sales have indeed been made by Arabs to Jews, but large areas still remain undeveloped and available for settlement. High prices, judged even by American standards, have been paid for land purchased and the rights of the Arab peasants have been rigidly respected. The new intensive methods of agriculture have benefited both Arab and Jew.

With the unrest in the Near East as a result of the Great War and with misrepresentation as to the Zionist plans widespread, it was natural that there should be some feeling and even distrust between Arab and Jew. Despite friction here and there, since the coming into effect of the Mandate and the definite statement of its mandate policy by Great Britain in 1922, until the recent riots relative tranquillity prevailed. The High Commissioner as late as July this year reported to the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations that he believed the relations between the Jews and Arabs had improved, except for the incident of the Wailing Wall, and that the Arabs, heretofore hostile to the Jewish National Home, seemed ready to collaborate with the mandatory Powers. The dispute about the Wailing Wall seems to be a matter that should lend itself to judicial or arbitral settlement. And it is a matter for the British Commission of Inquiry to determine to what extent the recent savage outbreak burst inevitably from national passion, and to what extent it was inflamed by agitators sending out mendacious reports that Jews had attacked defenseless Arabs and invaded their holy mosque, and holding out promises of loot and plunder.

Much has been made of so-called broken promises of the Allies to the Arabs. Whatever promises may have been made in regard to strictly Arab lands, there seems the gravest doubt that any of these extended to Palestine, a very small country compared to the great Arab provinces. The promises relied upon rest mainly on a letter from Sir Henry McMahon dated October 24, 1915, to the Sherif of Mecca, who subsequently became King Hussein of the Hejaz. This letter expressly reserved and excluded from its scope the territories "lying to the west of the district of Damascus." While more exact language might have been used, the British Government has solemnly declared that Palestine was thus excluded from an independent Arabia (British White Paper, Cmd. 1700).

Emir Feisal, the leading spokesman of the Arab world at the Peace Conference and representative of his father King Hussein of the Hejaz, wrote on March 1, 1919, to Felix Frankfurter, then in Paris in the interest of the Zionist cause, this most significant letter:

> I want to take this opportunity of my first contact with American Zionists to tell you what I have often been able to say to Dr. Weizmann in Arabia and Europe. We feel that the Arabs and Jews are cousins in race, have suffered similar oppressions at the hands of Powers stronger than themselves, and by a happy coincidence have been able to take the first steps toward the attainments of our national ideals together. We Arabs, especially the educated among us, look with deepest sympathy on the Zionist movement. Our deputation here in Paris is fully acquainted with the proposals submitted yesterday by the Zionist Organization to the Peace Conference and we regard them as moderate and proper. We will do our best in so far as we are concerned to help them through. We will wish the Jews a most hearty welcome home.
>
> With the chiefs of your movement, especially with Dr. Weizmann, we have had and continue to have the closest relations. He has been a great helper of our cause and I hope the Arabs may soon be in a position to make the Jews some return for their kindness. We are working together for a reformed and revised Near East and our two movements complete one another. The Jewish movement is national and not imperialist; our movement is national and not imperialist; and there is room in Syria for both of us. Indeed I think that neither can be a real success without the other.
>
> People less informed and less responsible than our leaders and yours, ignoring the need for cooperation of the Arabs and Zionists, have been trying to exploit the local difficulties that must necessarily arise in Palestine in the early stages of our movements. Some of them have, I am afraid, misrepresented your aims to the Arab peasantry and our aims to the Jewish peasantry, with the result that interested parties have been able to make capital out of what they call our differences. I wish to give you my firm conviction that their differences are not on questions of principle but on matters of detail such as must inevitably arise in every contact of neighboring peoples and as are easily adjusted by mutual good-will. . . .

While the existing population is, of course, predominantly Arab, Palestine is not solely an Arab country. It is a land sacred to Moslems, Christians, and Jews, all of whom in varying numbers make it their home. Its capital city, Jerusalem, even before the war, had a small majority of Jews. However sympathetic with Arab nationalism, one must recognize that the Arabs have not been trained in the art of orderly, stable, and democratic government. As good a friend of Arab nationalism as Colonel T. E. Lawrence has referred to the outstanding Arab leaders, including Ibn Saud, who has recently supplanted King Hussein, as "the precarious princes of the desert." While many Arabs are well educated, the masses are still largely illiterate. The peaceful and just adjustment of social and economic relations among effendi, fellaheen, and bedouins will tax the best Arab statesmanship in strictly Arab lands. The delicate religious and national problems in Palestine have proved difficult for as experienced a governing power as Great Britain. Even those most friendly to Arab nationalism should not seek to impose so complicated a task as the inter-racial government of Palestine upon the Arabs.

The Jews seek only, within the economic possibilities of the country, a national home for their people, where they can live and work as Jews at peace with themselves and their neighbors. They do not seek this to the exclusion of the Arab. With the quieting down of agitation, with the better education of all classes, with increased social and economic contacts, the present difficulties will be solved.

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Vare's Last Triumph?

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

Philadelphia, September 22

IF power of animation could have been granted William Penn, as he stands aloft on Philadelphia's City Hall, a cynical smile would have crossed his features on the eighteenth day of September. The Mackey-Greenfield make-believe war on "machine-politics," which was in reality an inter-machine struggle for control, ended in crushing defeat for the rebels. The candidates of the House of Vare swept into permanent places on the Republican ticket, therefore eventually to land in office, by majorities ranging from 150,000 to 200,000 votes. The old familiar cry of "Down with the Boss"—which had been heard in more resounding tones in these primaries than since the time of mild-mannered, white-whiskered Blankenburg—has again been hushed. Out of the hubbub of battle William S. Vare emerges victorious and "gratified."

That coveted seat in the United States Senate, vacant because of alleged Varian corruption, again beckons Philadelphia's political dictator. In this "vindication" at the hands of his Christian city he sees renewed hope that the December decision of the august upper house of Congress may be in his favor. Rugged exemplar of Old Tammany tactics in Republican guise, he has fought his way through many another tight hole and come out on top. Police intimidation, threats of the loss of job, and millions of dollars in "charity" have been used impartially by him to pave his way to power and keep him there.

Ironically enough, this very victory of his has about it the odor of defeat and decay. It is largely of interest, indeed, because it marks one more step in the decline of this ruler of the Quaker City—whose family has reigned in that domain for over a quarter of a century. In this primary, William S. Vare took a step backward out of the divided household revealed within his own organization. His hopes of being "'vindicated" in the Senate are in vain. With his gradual passing from the scene, there disappears the last of the outstanding old-time political bosses, making way everywhere for the new ballot-box overlords chosen directly from the sleek manufacturing class. The crude methods of his school are out of date. The end of Vare will roughly mark the end of an epoch.

The very man who now challenges the Boss's supremacy is an ironical reminder of the significance of this struggle. Harry A. Mackey has been of late years a Vare man, one of those nearest to the throne. He was the campaign manager of Vare's attempt to get a seat in the United States Senate, still remaining vacant. As a reward, he received the Mayoralty of Philadelphia from the organization. A high-pressure executive by instinct, he made of the Vare bid for a job a holy crusade for the right to imbibe pre-Volsteadian fluids. Staid and hardened ward leaders were moved to a Billy Sunday pitch of enthusiasm by his methods. Card-indexing has even invaded his flowery addresses—certain standard phrases and figures of speech being used, with slight modification, for this and that occasion. This makes for the maximum oratorical effectiveness with the minimum of effort. A past master at opportunism, he has run for the State Senatorship on the Democratic ticket, afterward entering the ranks of reform, to issue forth again as a mighty man of the regular organization.

Mackey's eyes are on the Governorship. So everyone admits. Why, then, does he not rely upon the "Chief," whom he sought so vigorously to clothe with the sacred toga? Vare is a liability in the interior. His long-cherished dream to dominate the great empire of Penn's Woods is shattered. There are throughout the State numerous colonies of religious sects, departing from the conventional in appearance and custom. They set themselves up there, years ago, attracted by the tolerance of Quaker rule. They have given Biblical names to countless towns—Nazareth, Bethlehem, Ephrata, Mount Bethel, Emaus. The Sunday-school movement has also swelled in volume like a rushing river throughout Pennsylvania. To all of these good folks Philadelphia is a modern Babylon and Vare a high priest to the evil god Baal. Then, there are a number of Democratic cities and counties at whose polling places an "independent" might thrive, but to whom a Philadelphia-machine-made candidate would be anathema. Thus it is that Mackey seeks to throw about himself the mantle of "reform," which Boies Penrose knew so well how to don when opportunity required in his warfare with the Vares.

Overvaulting ambition was Vare's stumbling-block. The Presidential bee had stung Governor Brumbaugh unto political death. It had been the undoing of Gifford Pinchot. It had persuaded the latter by its buzzing to cast aside his reformer's instinct and to compromise with the Old Guard, running as an Old Guard candidate to the National Republican convention of 1924. Then, having got him out in the open, the professional politicians proceeded to knife him, an "independent" from their own ranks overwhelmingly defeating the then Governor. But Vare paid no heed to these handwritings on the wall. Brumbaugh was his brother Ed's creature; Pinchot was an accident. He marched on to the disastrous campaign against William B. Wilson, in which Wilson was apparently elected and Pennsylvania in reality went Democratic for the first time since the Civil War. Only a combination of the most heroic and anything-but-heroic efforts in Philadelphia saved the Varian face, and led to the contest which still requires him to be dubbed "Senator-elect."

Shattered in health from rough usage by the Senate, the Boss retired to Ventnor, eagerly watching the turn of events. Those that followed immediately were not to bring much comfort. In the Al Smith upheaval in Philadelphia in 1928 a blow was struck at the heart of his political power. The State Senatorship in the First District had come to be almost an heirloom in the House of Vare. From that base for twenty-five years the three brothers had successively operated. First, George; then, Ed; then, Bill; then, Mrs. Flora Vare, Ed's widow, had occupied the seat. In 1928 it was to be lost to a Democrat, "Larry" McCrossin of the printer's union, its present occupant.

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Such reverses were little to be expected. When Boies Penrose passed on, for better or for worse, Philadelphia's ruler seemed the logical man to take over full control of the State. In the west, however, a new power was arising—the Mellon machine. With it were associated none of the crude traditions of ward organizations built up in the back rooms of saloons. Mellon's connections with the Overholt Distillery were forgotten in popular awe at his magnificence as a Master Millionaire. Not the smell of stale beer, but the odor of Big Business sanctity surrounded his meager person. The Vares had come into business through politics. Small truck farmers originally, they had first collected swill for their pigs, then had contracted for it, and finally had become general contractors, profiting from public works. Mellon, on the other hand, had come into politics through business. He was of the New Order, of the invisible government become visible. In the first real tests between the two powers, Mellon came off the victor. He made his brother and banking partner, W. L. Mellon, State Chairman of the Republican Party. He put Reed, the corporation lawyer, in the Senate and Fisher, the banker, in the Governor's chair, over Vare's opposition. He backed George Wharton Pepper, an able member of the bar tinged with the slightest touch of salmon-colored liberalism, for the Senate in 1926; and only the irregular Pinchot irruption probably insured Vare's own personal triumph in those primaries. When it came to the election, Fisher had little trouble in reaching the Governor's mansion in Harrisburg, while Vare has never yet attained the longed-for domicile in Washington.

Paradoxically enough, Vare, this staunch champion of the Wets, who went up and down the State appealing for the right to drink as one wills, is a member in good standing of the bone-dry Methodist church. He has presented an entire church edifice to the Abigail Memorial Methodist Church, in memory of his mother. It is another paradox that his outstanding opponents in this present fight should be hitherto loyal Vare lieutenants, while his own leading strategists are veteran Penrosers. Chief among the Mackey men stands Albert M. Greenfield, worth marking down for future political reference. Shifty and alert, Greenfield has risen to almost complete dominance of the Philadelphia real-estate market, and his wealth exceeds perhaps the ancient Stotesbury millions. Rightly or wrongly, he is given credit by men "in the know" for Vare's sudden and surprising announcement for Hoover at Kansas City. It was he, it is said, who urged such action, on the fast-moving train that took the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh clans westward. If any man is looking for Vare's crown in the future, that man is Greenfield. The Mayor and he have succeeded in securing startling defections from among the organization captains, the most notable being that of County Commissioner George F. Holmes, credited with being a wily guide in the crooked windings of Philadelphia's political highways and byways. Political observers are much puzzled over the somersault of the super-regular Holmes, in itself another indication that Vare's rule is declining.

Of the triumvirate of old Penrosers who now lead the fight for Vare, Sheriff Thomas W. Cunningham is the most shrewd and picturesque. Affectionately called the "judge" because of his long service as a magistrate, he has all the hardihood of the old campaigner concealed beneath a benign, soft-spoken personality. With the experience of his over seventy years of life, he was able to do that which Harry Sinclair failed in: openly defy the inquisitorial Senate. The source of his $50,000 contribution to the 1926 campaign still remains a high-class mystery, probably never to be unraveled. Of magnificent physique, he can weather many a threatening storm and is a man made to serve master minds with faithfulness and acumen.

Of the questions that troubled politicians and observers in the late primaries, the most vital was: "Where do Mitten and Grundy stand?" Mitten was something of an issue in the fight, both sides equally berating him. That added to the murk in which the electorate went to the polls on primary day. It is Mitten's job to keep on good terms with his numerous traction, taxicab, and other ventures. Without that certain grip on the political apparatus that so many local public-utility interests have in other places, he must rely on his ceaseless pamphleteering and on shrewd underhand manipulations, at both of which he is adept. Like many another municipality Philadelphia has been plagued with a "partnership" arrangement with the traction interests, in which the public seems to have come out second best. Mitten divides his foes among "the common people" by streams of publicity—pointing to the cleanliness of his cars, the efficiency of his service, and his much-advertised "settlement of labor troubles." Across the way from the City Hall stands the Mitten Bank, watchfully on guard over his interests. This is symbolic of the Mitten attitude, and with his usual strategy he placed sacrificial calves on both rival altars. While he personally cooperated with Cunningham and Company, his son and heir, Dr. Mitten, aided and abetted the rebellion.

As to Grundy, one suspects that he has made his choice for Vare. This is indicated by the antics of "Hampie" Moore—J. Hampton Moore, ex-Congressman and ex-Mayor. "Hampie" has bolted the Independent Republican League, that "reform" creation of Penrose, declaring that it has betrayed "independent" principles in its alliance with the Mackey group. In such warlike pronunciamentos Moore is probably the phonograph for Grundy, whose faithful servant he was in Congress, being indeed the real author of the Fordney high-tariff bill. Two sacred principles lie close to Grundy's heart: an ever-mounting tariff for the welfare of American manufacturers and ever-decreasing legislation for the welfare of the working classes. The most class-conscious man in the United States, he looks upon government as the servant of the manufacturing group, and Mackey brought upon himself the undying Grundy hatred by his surprisingly liberal policy as chairman of Pennsylvania's first Workmen's Compensation Committee.

Many political observers foretold that the Mackey slate was in for a good lacing. Tenacity, physical and moral, is a trait of the "royal family." For years before his death, Ed Vare suffered from a serious illness making it extremely painful for him to engage in any activity. And yet, every day he remained for hours at his desk, receiving the long line of satellites who attend upon a boss. Bill did not show the white feather and smote to earth the incipient rebellion. Nevertheless, it will be a hollow victory. Weakened by it and by those preceding reverses, he will be unable to overcome the growing hosts of Mellon in attempted control of the Commonwealth. Despite his good turn for Hoover, the seat in Washington is farther away than ever it was before.

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Behind the Southern Textile Strikes

By MARION BONNER

"WE'RE fightin' for our rights. We didn't want no strike. We went to the president and asked him to give us a ten-hour day without cuttin' our wages and to take back the fifteen men and women he fired for joinin' the union. He said: 'You pull a strike and I'll give you fifty dollars apiece.' In half an hour the power was shut off and the spindles and looms deserted."

A thin, wiry woman with a pinched face that looked at least ten years older than it was, was talking to a group of faculty and students of the Southern Summer School for Women Workers in Industry. On July 11 when the school began its session of six weeks at Burnsville, North Carolina, about six hundred and fifty men and women joined the United Textile Workers Union and went on strike against conditions in the Marion Manufacturing Company. Some of the strike leaders, knowing that the Southern Summer School was teaching economics, public speaking, and health, brought seven girls over the forty miles of beautiful mountain road to the school.

As the woman talked in an earnest, spirited manner with a vocabulary termed by some scholars as Elizabethan and by others as illiterate, a group gathered about her. Five girls from Elizabethton, Tennessee, who had been in the strikes in the Glanzstoff and Bemberg silk mills, mountain born, too, understood her and nodded approvingly. Girls from cities, in some cases making no more than ten dollars a week, but dressed in silk and speaking the language of cities, looked at her half in amusement, half in admiration. Some of the girls from Marion, seeing the amused glances, became self-conscious and whispered that they wished "J—— wasn't so talky."

But J—— was carried away by her cause. "You ought to see some of them children. They're a right pitiful sight. Some of their legs ain't no bigger than that"—and she measured with her fingers. It was not difficult to believe: her own legs were not much larger, nor were those of five of the seven. Like many of the mountain poor they were underweight and appeared undernourished and prematurely aged. "At thirty-five you're old in the mill. They begin to lay you off or put you on sweepin'." She spoke proudly of the spirit of the people. "We'll stick in spite of the scabs until we get our rights. The farmers are helpin' us. One man I know pointed to his tater patch and said to the union folk: 'You see them taters. As long as there's a tater, help yo'self.'"

Gradually her intelligence, earnestness, intensity won the respect of most of the students. Other girls from Marion emerged from their protective shells and grew communicative. Sensitive, proud, feeling a chasm between themselves and some of the girls who had lived in the cities, they would often anticipate superiority and at first were on their guard. Girls who felt superior because they had toilets and bathrooms in their houses and did not have to draw their water from a street pump, and who had gone through several years of high school and had heard of grammar became interested in the struggle of these women of Marion to get better conditions and began to listen attentively to their speeches.

In their own picturesque language they described their early life on the farm.

"My earliest remembrances bring sorrow to my heart," wrote J—— in her autobiography. "I was reared in a poor home. It consisted of mother, father, four girls, and two boys. My father worked at a sawmill and my mother toiled hard raising little truck patches around our log cabin. I had lots of work to do at the age of five, for mother was out working most of the time and I had the babies to care for. Often father and mother would get up at four o'clock in the morning, cook breakfast, and then father would start long before day carrying a pine torch to see by to earn bread to keep us alive."

Here is another story of a worker's childhood, typical in the mills that have recently been opened in the South and have provided employment for the poor whites. From their stories they have never lacked employment since they were old enough to watch babies.

"My father was a poor farmer and had to work hard. In the summer he would make a crop and in the winter he would go to the woods, cut and haul cross ties to the road, set traps along the creek banks, and catch furs to sell. My mother had to work hard, in the house and in the field. When I was old enough I had to look after the smaller children, and I did not get to go out and play."

"I did not get to play" comes like a refrain to many of the life stories not only of the seven Marion girls but of the other twenty-eight.

One of the Marion girls described her work on the farm. "We raised corn, potatoes, cane, and tobacco. We also had lots of hay to take care of. My two older sisters married, and my two older brothers got jobs and left home to make wages. That left just my sister and me out of a family of eight large enough to work. My mother's health failed her and so my sister and I had most of the housework to do and to help father on the outside. We got up at four o'clock every morning to get the house-work done, the cows milked, the chickens fed to get to the fields early. We would hoe corn all day long, come home at night and help mother get supper. Very often she would have beans picked or apples gathered so we could string beans after supper or peel apples to be dried. I have helped father saw wood time after time and I have driven a team of horses day after day hauling rock, hay, corn. After we got our crop planted father would get a job somewhere and tell us what he wanted done on the farm."

Those who have known life back in the mountains, on poor hillside farms that furnished inadequate nourishment to the large families living on them, know too the inadequacy of the mental food. Interference of work at home, short terms, teachers not too well trained—it is amazing that they learned to read, write, and figure. The following experience related by one of the girls from Marion is representative.

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"I started to school at the age of seven. The first three or four years I attended regularly but after I got large enough to work and after my sisters married and my older brothers left home, I was in school a day or two and out a day or two. I was kept out of school to help take fodder, gather corn, hand tobacco, and take care of all the crops. We had only six months school the first five years of my school days. Our school building had only one room. There were two teachers and about eighty pupils. The room was very noisy. We had straight back benches with two or three students on each bench, and the students talked more than they studied. I went to school until I finished the eighth grade. I couldn't go any farther in school at home in the country. I told my parents I had a desire to go to high school, that if they would buy my clothes I would work my way through school, but they would not consent. They told me they needed me to help at home. I went off badly discouraged.

"Two years ago I told father and mother I would get a job in a factory and work and get enough money to go to school. I went to work in the cotton mill. I made $9.35 a week. I paid $5 a week for board and I also had my laundry bill and insurance, so after all I didn't get the money to go on to school."

Of course, some girls are glad enough to stop school and go to work as soon as possible with the hope of getting clothes and beaus, but the girls who are sent to the Southern Summer School for the most part are almost pathetic in their desire for an education.

In the hope of bettering their conditions the girls left the farm and went to live in the mill village of East Marion. Here is a description given by one of the students. "There are families of eight and ten living in three-room houses. Roofs on many of the houses leak. Most of the houses need repairing and painting. There are dry-pit toilets strung up at the back door of all these houses. The water the people use is drawn from pumps. There are but two or three pumps on each street and on part of the mill village there are sixteen families that use water from two pumps. The company recently built a Y. M. C. A. It has a swimming pool, a ten-pin alley, library, sewing and cooking department, shower baths, and a basket-ball court. The people of the village pay ten cents for a shower bath, ten cents for bathing in the pool, and ten cents for a game of ten pins. The only store that most of the working class ever trade in is the company store, for most of them eat up today what they work out tomorrow."

Conditions that would make many of us shudder were related by the thirty-five students; the girls from Marion could tell a story of the longest working day and of the most unsanitary conditions.

"The employees work ten, eleven, and twelve hours and twenty minutes. The day weavers and those that work in the clothroom get one hour off for lunch, the other departments less. The floors are not kept clean. Men and women use tobacco and spit on the floor. The floors are cleaned only in the day time. The toilets which sometimes overflow are cleaned only in the day time. The weaveroom is very hot, has bad lights, has bad ventilation, and is very noisy. There are but few seats provided for the workers and no washroom."

One of the girls gave this account:

"I work twelve hours and twenty minutes a day and I am completely worn out at stopping time. Men and women who work in the mill are weak and sallow looking, some of them just dragging along half dead and overworked until they don't know what it is to take a rest and feel good. The average workingman or woman makes from $1.60 to $2.70 a day, and some have families of from three to seven and sometimes more depending on them for a living. The employees of the mill walked out on a strike on July 11 for shorter hours and for the same pay they were getting for longer hours. Do you blame us for striking?"

Between Marion and Burnsville there was continual communication. At an interstate labor conference held at the Southern Summer School under the auspices of the North Carolina Federation of Labor, Alfred Hoffman, an organizer of the United Textile Workers, Tom Tippett and Bill Ross, leaders in the Marion strike, talked about Marion. A. J. Muste, who gave several lectures at the school, made a talk in Marion to the strikers assembled on the hillside. Most of the teachers and students in the school went to Marion, saw the picket line, and marched in parade with the workers. To some of the young strikers the strike meant excitement, a chance for the spectacular; to some of the older ones it meant a chance to rest; to most of them it was a reaching out for more tolerable conditions of life and work not only for themselves but for their families and neighbors.

To the court in Burnsville came the test of the injunction against the Marion strikers. Two girls who attended the school were named in the injunction but their names were crossed out when the company's lawyers discovered that they had been in attendance at the school. Far more vivid than reading a textbook was sitting in the courtroom with the judge listening to long and passionate charges against the strikers and to emphatic denials by the lawyers for the strikers. The school with notebooks in hand sat until the judge upheld the injunction against illegal picketing and added the right to legal picketing. The students were puzzled by the terms "legal and illegal picketing," but the judge did not stay to answer.

At the end of six weeks, strengthened by rest, balanced food, exercise, study, self-expression through class discussions, speeches, plays, friendships, the girls rode back to Marion. The other twenty-eight girls started to other parts of North Carolina, to South Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, and Georgia. These thirty-five students with the twenty-five who attended in 1928 and the twenty-five in 1927 may seem small against the large number of workers who have not attended any classes since they left school at fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen, and who feel mystified, helpless, caught in fast, powerful, inescapable machinery and poverty. It is only a small group, but from it will come leaders. Letters come to the faculty: "I am telling the girls I work with about diet and exercise"; "I have been promised a chance to speak to the union next week"; "I am trying to get a group together to study labor problems"; "we are going to give one of the plays we had at the school"; and so on.

This small group of women from the Southern Summer School for Women Workers in Industry are playing an important part in the fight against economic slavery in the South.

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All Quiet on the Northwestern Front

By J. O. MEYERS

FOR five days St. Paul, Minnesota, high on the hills above the Mississippi, took on a war-time atmosphere with the arrival of two thousand Veterans of Foreign Wars who settled down here for their thirtieth national encampment.

What do they think about, these survivors of many battles? What is their vision for a new world? What do they want for America? Preparedness—more guns, more cruisers, more destroyers. They say with a President in office who has halted the building of the fifteen cruisers, with the national defense "emasculated by the inertia of Congress," there are new dangers facing us.

Of some two hundred resolutions offered during the encampment the first, occupying four days of the convention, called for adequate national defense: a separate air force, adequate air defense, retention of the Citizens' Military Training Corps, the building up of a national guard composed of youth trained in the corps.

Eugene P. Carver, Jr., past national commander from Boston, said, in his first statement to the press: "Scrap obsolete ships, scrap obsolete armaments, continue the fifteen-cruiser building program!" That keynote was repeated throughout the convention. "We stand for a navy second to none," reads one of the resolutions which was passed. "If the 5-5-3 ratio cannot be carried out as regards submarines, cruisers, and destroyers by agreement, we favor the immediate building of ships in these classes." Another reads: "We favor the prompt and immediate carrying out of all the provisions of the National Defense Act."

These veterans, all of whom have seen active service in foreign lands, many of them now maimed and crippled for life, are not yet glutted with war. They cry: Bring on the youth of the country. Make up, within the next ten years, a national guard comprised of "the boys" (*sic*) trained in the Citizens Military Training Corps! That is the proposal which the veterans will study during the coming year.

The method of bringing up the youth of America as youth was reared in pre-war Germany came in for commendation in two resolutions, and in another which urged retention of the training-corps system.

In spite of Mr. Carver's warning that "we veterans should not concern ourselves with anything not directly connected with national defense or veterans' affairs," the veterans turned, on their final day, to a debate on prohibition, tabling a resolution for outright repeal and voting unanimously for a national referendum on the prohibition question.

"Give us our rights!" they shouted, when, without permitting debate on the repeal resolution, the chairman called for the vote. Immediately the convention hall was a mass of shaking fists, waving arms. The crowd, gone wild, surged madly toward the rostrum, demanding to be heard. The chairman of the resolutions committee, trying to make himself heard above the cries of the outraged veterans, begged his "comrades" not to pass a resolution calling for outright repeal. "If you do, every newspaper in the nation will come out tonight with the headline: 'Vets Demand Whiskey.'"

I look about the hall and read the veterans' lapel buttons with their ribald slogans: "When I'm full take me home!"

On that last day a gray-haired, commanding figure came forward to speak and received an ovation. He was Thomas J. Walsh, United States Senator from Montana. The spirit of his words was so utterly opposed to those speeches and resolutions that went before, that, coming from any other man, they would have been shouted down. He decries those who attack forms of government other than our own. Bolshevism, he says, has its origin in the abuses of those who exploit the labor of others. We need not fear it here unless we permit the existence of conditions of oppression which obtained in pre-war Russia. He condemns those who see everywhere the menace of war unless there is preparedness. His words do not pass quietly. He is greeted with an applause that is like the booming of cannon—this from the hands of those very men who, a moment before, were bellowing for a more adequate defense. Do they understand what he is saying?

I sit at the press table, wondering. One of the more liberal of the veterans leans toward me. "A bunch of bookkeepers out for a big time!"

Do these veterans itch for war? Is it in their blood? Ask them. Here are two who have seen service throughout the world conflict. They say: "Us, buddy? Yep, give us war. It's a man's game." Do they hunger for the thin, clear notes of bugles, the rhythm of marching feet, the boom of martial drums? Watch them as they swing happily down two and a half miles of St. Paul streets. Is it possible that the men who have felt the tearing of bullets into flesh, who have seen their companions shot down one by one have learned nothing from that man-made hell? There can't be any truth in the proverb about the burned child.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter counts himself among the original anti-noise champions, and he is always ready to break a lance, a pencil point, or a typewriter keyboard in the cause. He is glad, therefore, to salute Robert Ferrari, a lawyer of New York City, who recently haled one of his neighbors into court, where he was ordered to modify somewhat his zest for turning on at all hours an unusually strident radio loud-speaker. The radio seems to have become one of the most generally annoying noises of all our city babel, and it would be interesting if it were to turn out to be the straw that broke the camel's back. There has not been any genuine conviction in the past on the part of any large number of persons that noise was an evil. Therefore, there has never been any effective public opinion in favor of its abatement; the protestants against noise have been numbered among the cranks. So-called civilized society has been slow to come of age in the matter of racket. Children and savages love noise; they like to make and to listen to sheer din. And since we

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are still mostly children and savages, we are inclined to pooh-pooh the doctrine, however well supported scientifically, that noise is definitely a menace to community health.

* * * * *

SO it is interesting to note the repercussion which Mr. Ferrari's action has had on the public and the press of New York City. There have been numerous shouts of approval in the correspondence columns of the newspapers, and several journals have devoted special articles to the subject of noise. Indeed the New York *World* cut loose with a series of articles, in the first of which it was boldly asserted: "New York has at last become militantly noise-conscious." The Drifter is not so optimistic about it as that. But if New York has not yet become quite "militantly noise-conscious," it is at least showing hopeful signs of irritation in regard to the frightful hubbub in which it is obliged to work, play, and sleep. The city's health commissioner, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, is sympathetic toward efforts to reduce noise, though at the moment he doubtless feels himself rather powerless to do much. As a matter of fact, a sufficiently united public sentiment would immediately give him power, because American law gives a health department almost unlimited authority wherever it can convince a court (for which the support of the general public is essential) that its action is necessary for the protection of life and health. As the New York *World* says editorially:

> We are predominantly a mercantile nation. It is very hard for us to grasp the idea that anything can be allowed to interfere with the citizen who has a chance to make a sale. Thus, if one citizen has bananas to sell, we take it for granted that he must be permitted to cry them in the street. If another citizen has radios to sell, we take it for granted that he must be permitted to turn a loud-speaker out of the doorway, even if a whole neighborhood is reduced to nervous prostration. If still another citizen has a building to sell, we take it for granted that he must be permitted to do anything connected with the manufacture of that building, no matter how noisy it may be; turn his steam shovels into the vacant lot, turn on his riveters after the shovels are done, operate his derricks after the riveters are done. And the ghost of the sale lingers long after it is completed. When the huckster finishes his day's work, repairs to the apartment he has rented in the building that has been completed after so much noise, and turns on the loud-speaker that he bought from the radio store, we have some curious hesitancy about proceeding against him, our feeling being that he has paid his hard-earned banana money for the radio, and it would be a pity if he were not allowed to enjoy it.

* * * * *

THAT is well put. Even where a given individual is harassed to death with the racket about him, he hesitates to invoke such powers of the law as are clearly his because he doesn't want to be considered a kill-joy or opposed to "progress." New York City has an ordinance making it unlawful to play the piano after eleven o'clock (or is it ten?) which either does apply, or could be made to apply, to radios. But in every community the rule of "live and let live" must have considerable sway. In the old days the piano ordinance was never invoked against an occasional late party, and we must allow the radio at least as much freedom. But once we convince ourselves that noise is an evil, some of it can be stopped. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

We Accept

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has not been called to the very gracious reproduction of our *New Yorker* advertisement on the Hotel Delmonico—one of the holdings of this company—in the editorial columns of *The Nation*. In fact, I read it with a great deal of enjoyment, marred only by the fact that in your reproduction of the advertisement, you neglected to insert the illustration. But then I realize that, with the exception of Art Young and Hendrik Willem van Loon, *The Nation* seldom goes in for illustrations, and so I was satisfied.

That you may be put at ease immediately, I must rise and point out sadly that the rental is $45,000 by the year. By the day it's a mere $123.03; by the hour, no more than $5.15. To show my deep appreciation, won't you come there some time and spend an hour with me? The $5.15 will be on me!

New York, September 5 BERNARD A. BERGMAN

Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There was an error in my article, Rum Running on the Detroit River. I said Mr. Mellon was the official head of the seven government agencies involved in prohibition-enforcement work here. That was a mistake. The immigration forces come under the Department of Labor. Mr. Mellon is the official head of only six. I was aware of the error when the proofs came, but neglected to correct it.

Detroit, Michigan, September 4 MORROW MAYO

A Sin of Omission

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As Washington correspondent of the Portland (Maine) *Evening News,* the editor of which is your former managing editor, Ernest Gruening, I cannot let your statement in the August 28 issue concerning power news go unchallenged.

In that article on opinions handed down by the new solicitor of the Federal Power Commission, Charles A. Russell, you state that the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the Baltimore *Sun* were the only newspapers to give adequate accounts of the "confidential summary with suggestions on the Federal Water Power Act and its administration" and on Solicitor Russell's rulings.

I wrote and the Portland *Evening News* printed four stories, each of which was more than a column in length, on this situation. I believe that not even the two papers commended in your article gave so much space.

I should also like to call your attention to the excellent work now being done by the Portland *Evening News,* beginning with its issue of August 21, in revealing the preventable and utterly inexcusable deaths from "bends" on the $15,000,000 Wyman Dam being constructed on the upper Kennebec at Bingham, Maine, by an Insull company. The news of these fatal accidents was suppressed until the Portland *Evening News* investigated and revealed them, and then brought out the fact that precautions such as are required under New York law and are taken by most construction companies building dams,

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bridges, and tunnels would have prevented all fatalities from "bends" or compressed-air illness.

Washington, D. C., August 26 RUBY A. BLACK

[We are glad to recognize the courage and enterprise of the Portland *Evening News*. Probably the major credit for exposing the confidential memorandum should go to the Federated Press which scored a scoop July 29 and furnished copies of the memorandum to daily papers.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

That What

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 275 of your issue for September 11 a correspondent quotes a sentence from you as follows: "Who knows but what as a result of the Cleveland disaster Paris may be snuffed out in the next war with the gas which proved so efficient at Cleveland?" Your correspondent then says: "Here are two errors in English: the 'what' and the 'which' should both be 'that.' "

The Oxford Dictionary, both under But C. 30. and under What C. 5. b., quotes the conjunctive use of "but what," by reputable authors, of dates from 1753 on. For instance, Washington Irving writes: "My aunt would waddle through mud and mire, over the whole town, but what she would visit them"; Trollope writes: "Nor am I yet so old but what I can rough it still"; Du Maurier writes: "Not but what many changes had been wrought." The editors of the dictionary consider the usage "still dialectic and colloquial"; but that is widely different from your correspondent's attribution of "error."

On the second point of your correspondent's criticism, the use of "which" to introduce a clause defining its antecedent, you are so abundantly justified by usage that I will only quote King James's translators: "And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament." (Genesis i. 7.)

Ithaca, N. Y., September 9 CHARLES E. EDGERTON

Edison and Electric Lights

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There seems to be a common delusion, fostered by the group which exploits the name of Edison as a valuable trade-mark, that Edison invented the electric light and that in some way the world is indebted to him in that respect.

The first house lit by electricity was that of a Mr. Hammond in South Kensington, London, in 1877. The City of Geneva had a municipal electric light system in 1879. Swan, of Bromley in Kent, England, invented an incandescent bulb used before Edison was heard of, but I believe that he was one of several who were simultaneously experimenting among whom was Edison. But Edison beat him to the Patent Office in 1882. I don't think anyone else was thinking of patenting so much as of the scientific value of the invention. The group which exploits Edison, patents every conceivable device on the chance that some day they may exploit it on a technicality.

In 1882 or later the Edison group successfully challenged the priority of Swan with the result of a compromise in the "Ediswan" lamp. One of Edison's patents had proved a snag in the Swan production. For some time there was difficulty in the wiring because the system was a series like that of Christmas-Tree lights where if one breaks all go out, and Edison's supporters claim that he was the first to strike the loop system of wiring now universally adopted.

Edison's real fame depends on the phonograph. There is no question in regard to that, and out of it emerged the dictaphone and every sort of telegraphic recording.

Alameda, California, September 5 COURTNEY ROWLAND

The Cleveland Campaign

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Browdy, in his report in *The Nation* concerning the Cleveland campaign to amend the city charter, has some of his facts very well in hand, but in others of his statements appears to have been a victim of someone not particularly well informed upon the local situation.

It is difficult to understand how any man, presumably of liberal opinion, can believe that any form of municipal government which denies opportunity to the electorate to choose their chief executive is "progressive." If the people are not to elect this, the most important to them of all of their officials, may we not inquire whom are they to elect?

As a matter of fact Cleveland has had, under manager-plan operation, by far the most costly and extravagant, and, I believe, the most corrupt administration it has ever known. For example, the housekeeping expenses of the city government, the job which the city manager here supposedly is hired to do (and paid $25,000 per year for doing) were about $5,200,000 more in 1926, the third year of manager-plan operation, than they were in 1923, the last year of operation under an elective mayor. The increase was nearly 40 per cent, and the increase in population about 7 per cent. These figures are those of the Bureau of Municipal Research, supported by the Community Fund.

In the current year the manager has illegally diverted $563,000 from the earnings of the municipal light plant to general fund expenditures, and if he is compelled by the courts to restore this money to its proper place, as I think he will be, he will have a deficit of at least this amount in his budget.

The people of Cleveland, in a campaign of shameless misrepresentations, were induced to vote $2,500,000 for a stadium. As Mr. Browdy intimates, the project is primarily one in the interest of a group of bankers who, probably for some very good business reason, became owners of the Cleveland American League Base Ball Club. It is proposed to build this stadium upon the Lake Front where the railroads have not yet "acquired an option upon the riparian rights," but where they will acquire all of the public rights if Mr. Hopkins can engineer this for them as he has been attempting to do since 1925.

Mr. Browdy touches lightly on the recent scandals. In one of them a well-known political lawyer, who has been known to have the manager's ear since he has been in office, received, from the owner, $47,000 in cash for presenting the opportunity to the city to buy a parcel of land for $365,000 which, within a year, had twice been offered at sheriff's sale in foreclosure for less than $210,000. And the city has no use for this land.

Now all of this is sordid and not worth repeating except as a warning to liberals that the so-called manager plan of operation of city government is an indefensible fraud upon the fundamental principles of democracy. No Tom Johnson, no Sam Jones, no Grover Cleveland, no Brand Whitlock, and no Peter Witt will ever develop under the city manager plan. We in Cleveland who are attempting to defend the principles and to carry on as best we may the work of Tom Johnson know too well the absolute futility of hoping to raise money or to develop public sentiment in a campaign to elect twenty-five councilmen, or in fact any councilmen who, as a minority, can prevail anything against the power of the privileged interests.

Cleveland, Ohio, September 3 EDGAR S. BYERS

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Books, Music, and Drama

Laboratory Still Life

By MARK VAN DOREN

This apple now, and this smooth block of wood
That long ago forgot the watery tree
(The round red thing remembers in its wet heart,
The patient cube is mindless and immortal);
Set them on the table and declare
Their density, position, form, and mass.
Bring the new brain that walks on calipers
(The little bow-legs caper while you wait);
Bring the ruled retina, and pads of paper,
And take the sharpened pencil from its sheath.
Now weigh them well, the apple and the wood;
Let the mind's least antennae touch and write
(And writing, not remember what they touched).
There will be only figures at the finish,
Bodiless worms that if you stoop and peer
Cross-edgewise of the chart you will not find.
It is a flight of moths from skull to paper,
And back to the bone again, the hollow room.

Whereas the deep eye innocent of numbers
(Moist eye moving in a world of shapes,
Warm eye wonderful in child or man)
Sees only a bright apple and a cube.
The deep eye looks, and there is nothing more
Than a red apple with a watery heart,
Than a blank face of wood that has forgotten.
The deep eye looks, and not a word comes forth.
Nothing is here for counting or dividing,
Nothing to understand; nothing to add.
Only the red round face grows redder, rounder
(Does it remember the dark rain and the cows?)
And the six flattened cheeks widen a little,
Complacent of their enduringness indoors.

A Socialist Looks Ahead

The Next Ten Years in British Social Economic Policy. By G. D. H. Cole. The Macmillan Company. $5.50.

THE old order changes. Mr. Cole himself has changed from the early confident writer of Guild Socialist programs for the reform of society. He is still the draftsman of social plans, but these are no longer blueprints of a world run by committees of politically minded workingmen, but are appropriately labeled "British—for the next ten years." With a refreshing and entirely engaging honesty Mr. Cole confesses that he has a recantation to make: "I am fully aware that . . . I am going to unsay a good deal that I have said—and said with as strong a conviction of rightness—in the past. . . . "Self-government—the conscious and continuous exercise of the art of citizenship—seemed to me not merely a good in itself—which it is—but *the* good—which it is not. . . . The workers, when they had abolished capitalism, would go quietly to sleep, and leave industrial administration to those whose tastes and capacities lay that way." Substitute political for industrial administration, and it will be seen that what Mr. Cole has recanted is precisely the basic principle of democracy in so far as democracy spells popular rule. This is surely a significant act of accommodation to the post-war and machine-age criticism of democratic institutions and their glorification of the amateur.

Mr. Cole's entire book, moreover, shows how completely the philosophy appropriate to the world of the industrial revolution has become stale. Although the proper Labor policy, in Mr. Cole's opinion, is not one of protective tariffs and imperial tariff preference, it is not the protection but the tariffs ("the wrong method") to which he objects; prohibition of sweated or undesirable imports is the method he would adopt. In fact, Labor is nationalistic compared with finance. The old-fashioned Liberal of the Manchester School believed in capitalism, but he believed also in free competition. His disciple in the business world resisted trusts and cartels; resisted organization, certainly resisted compulsory organization; he was jealous of his firm's trade secrets. Mr. Cole is entirely in accord with the spirit of the present age in welcoming large-scale organizations and rationalization, but being a politically minded Englishman, not an economically minded American, where business concerns will not assent to improvements of methods he freely calls in the state to compel them. Mr. Cole, however, goes further. He quite correctly perceives that the trade unions themselves are far more Liberal than Socialist, at least in the philosophy of their acts if not of their words, since no one is more jealous of craft secrets. A Labor government, however, must not hesitate to go forward with a scheme for a National Labor Corps and, confident in the orthodoxy of its socialism, must not hesitate to overrule trade-union objections. Trade unions, moreover, are to rely more upon experts in industrial psychology as advisers and abandon the obscurantism which feared the experts even when bringing gifts. For the rest, "the younger generation has no such dread of discipline as afflicts a good many of its elders."

The scheme which Mr. Cole maps out, with its readiness to resort to large-scale organization and its confidence in experts, is marked by a presentation of socialism far more intelligible to the modern business magnate than to the old-fashioned trade unionist. It may be said that this means that the modern world has come round to the Socialist view and that socialism, or at least non-individualism, is the inevitable issue of the industrial and social conditions of this modern world. But the socialism which Mr. Cole depicts for us has undergone several very remarkable modifications in the direction of capitalist prejudice—so much so that the capitalist might be tempted to say in his heart "Pshaw!" or even "there is no Marx." The gifted author of "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism" demands equality of income all round. Mr. Cole asks, as an immediate plan, for nothing of the kind. He recommends schemes for family endowment (a proposal which has received much praise from quarters above suspicion in their conservatism) and for a central trades board to lay down basic minimum in wages, but he frankly admits that not the employer but the workman demands difference of reward according to difference of work, and that "he would never work hard except for a financial incentive"—which, in the present form of social life, where public spirit is weak, the community heterogeneous, and every man is obliged to look out for himself, seems very probable. Further, Mr. Cole explains at length that the essence of socialism is not public ownership of mines, railways, and the rest but public control over their organization. "The vital factor for socialism is not the direct administration of industries and service, but the control of policy." Provided that it exercises this control, "the less the state has to do directly with its detailed administration the better." If

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By GERALD CARSON

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the ready invocation of the state by Mr. Cole, Socialist, would cause Herbert Spencer to turn in his grave, this doctrine of controlled private ownership in the recessional of Mr. Cole, Guild Socialist, should cause the wraith of Marx to shriek aloud over Highgate Cemetery. It is Mr. Cole's merit that he keeps closely in touch with the needs of living men instead of being bewitched by ghosts. His book is one that no business man who keeps his eye on his own times can afford to ignore.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Faith and Things

The Love of the Foolish Angel. By Helen Beauclerk. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.50.

Five and Ten. By Fannie Hurst. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE first selection of the Book Society in England has just been further honored by the Book League of America. It is a tale of the love of Tamael, a little angel who permitted himself to become involved in celestial sedition because he loved Lucifer, for the beautiful Syrian maiden Basilea. There are moments when the author seems about to grasp one of the various situations the book offers her. Perhaps the most fertile is the conjunction of Antioch's mourning for the death of Adonis with Tamael's Christian abhorrence of his own quite theological wickedness. There are also moments when one seems inclined to grant the contention of a reviewer charitably trying to give point to the book, that liking for it depends on "the quality of your feeling for the age and the art of faith," concluding that one is to read it in the spirit with which one approaches Fra Angelo and St. Francis. But the author seems to me, in the many passages dealing with Shamyris and in the few with Laura the Roman general's wife, to know too well how to pander to the popular appetite for sensual horror to deserve this gentle interpretation while the various fertile situations afforded her slip so constantly through her hands that the whole celestial machinery comes to seem only a rather cumbrous device for the manipulation of a quite ordinary little plot. The prose flows easily and rhythmically, with few poignancies or revelations or immediacies to impede its course. I remember one. She says of a young girl that her heart was as hidden as a lettuce.

"Five and Ten" is big with an idea. A man who amasses a great fortune by the sale of "things" is eventually crushed and frustrated under the things his fortune brings him. One can see Miss Hurst chuckling delightfully over the notion and then charging into it like a Big Bertha. The result is a preposterous book, even though every event of importance in it was taken from the headlines of some paper, and even though the characters' voluble, hectic conversation, all pursued, I should judge, at the top of their lungs, bears the marks of every modern inventor of slang from Ring Lardner to Will Rogers. Here is emotion. Here is good red blood. Here is, or are, guts.

Quotation beggars description. "A sort of tremor, faint as a blue flame, seemed to burn along the pale wick of her lips, making them flicker." "After the boiling turmoil of a morning that held a conference on the feasibility of installing soda-water fountains in the West of the Mississippi areas, a complicated discussion with three architects on the standard fronts of Rarick stores, a long-distance telephone conversation with the Chattanooga real-estate office on a ninety-nine-year lease for a second store, and the consummation of an order for one hundred thousand bathing-hats, *to walk with Gerkes through the sarcophagus of his mind* was like emerging from noisy sunlight into the green twilight of the Italian cypresses Rarick was fond of transplanting, in long aisles, from Sicilian hillsides to his own." (The italics are mine.) Jennifer, the product of a Tarrytown finishing school, observes to her father, because he asks her to stay home for one dinner: "I wish I had the guts to go out and scrub floors for a prostitute, rather than put up with being treated like one here." "The eyes of young Lopez, above the cocktails he tossed off, were over her face with the sweetishness of an anaesthetic mask." Rarick stood "on the hearthstone of a vaulted fireplace that had been lifted out of the palace of a Milanese Sforza, a small man who was forever to be dwarfed by the Gothic grandeur through which he moved, and yet to whom the Druid twilight of such splendor was to become a fetish."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Mr. Munson on Style

Style and Form in American Prose. By Gorham B. Munson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

AMERICAN literature, as Norman Foerster has pointed out, is largely a product of the romantic movement, and American criticism, as far as it has had any vitality at all, has been almost exclusively impressionistic. As a result the path of the judicial critic is strewn with difficulties, since he has no sustained tradition to give substance and point and intelligibility to his dogmas. He is driven, unless he is most cautious, to take over bodily some system or other which he vainly tries to assimiliate. If he is intelligent and at the same time willing to make drastic sacrifices in order to identify himself with the tradition he has adopted, he may, like T. S. Eliot, achieve a lifelike imitation of the real thing. If he confines himself to general ideas instead of trying to evaluate particular books, he may, like Irving Babbitt, develop a homogeneous and useful body of doctrine. But the danger always is that the judicial critic will be merely eclectic, pedantic, and half-baked.

The case of Mr. Munson exemplifies the plight of judicial criticism in America. Mr. Munson, after writing a book on Waldo Frank, turned his attention to Robert Frost, whose poetry he studied to rather good effect in the light of the academic humanism of Babbitt and More. Nevertheless, despite the measure of success which Munson attained in this study, one questioned a little the thoroughness of his understanding of humanism; and this doubt was increased by the essays on Babbitt and More published in Mr. Munson's next work, "Destinations." One could not help wondering what Professor Babbitt and Professor More thought of their new disciple, and one was curious to know where Mr. Munson would break out next.

Now comes Mr. Munson's most ambitious effort, a treatise on a subject which has been a stumbling-block for some of the ablest critics of both England and America. Mr. Munson's method is to discuss prose as used for criticism, philosophy, fiction, humor, the drama, autobiography, and experimentation; and he includes samples of the various types. He points out characteristics of rhythm, vocabulary, and form, and tries to demonstrate that "style is behavior." His principal guide in the analysis of prose technique is Saintsbury; the source of his generalizations, his psychological pronunciamentos, and his classification of prose styles is A. R. Orage.

But, though Mr. Munson has prepared some impressive machinery, he manages to accomplish singularly little. On the technical side he says not much more than is to be found in any good textbook on freshman composition; in his general approach to literary problems he is muddled and unconvincing. That he makes some acute observations cannot be denied, but he has given us no new insight into the major problems of form, and he has not even tried to do what his title promises, namely, to discuss the aspects of his problem that are peculiar to American literature. Most of the weaknesses of the book trace back

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to Mr. Munson's failure to understand the dangers of the judicial critic's task. He still believes, it appears, that one can create a tradition by adding together the ideas of Babbitt, Plato, Orage, Saintsbury, and the Mahabharata, and that converts can be won if one assumes the tone of a fussy old schoolmaster lecturing to docile but moronic pupils. The chief accomplishment of the book is to prove that he is mistaken.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Americans at the Front

Without Censor. New Light on Our Greatest World War Battles. By Thomas M. Johnson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

MR. JOHNSON has added another to the growing list of books of the "now it can be told" class. This is not, however, a sensational contribution, but a useful and valuable study of American military achievements in France contrasted, in the light of later events and enemy testimony, with the reports sent out at the time to misinform the American people. Especially interesting are the author's accounts of the stratagems used by the American High Command to deceive the Germans, as when it went to the length of picking a commander for an alleged attack upon the Germans near the Swiss frontier. A major general was actually picked for this job and sent to Belfort and all possible preparations made in such a way as to mislead the Germans while the actual offensive was being planned for the Aisne-Marne. With the same thoroughness Mr. Johnson, who was the New York *Sun's* correspondent at the front, gives the real history of the "Lost Battalion," which was of course never lost but merely "beleaguered," as the Germans said. Indeed, it could have retreated early in the fighting had its commander wished to violate his orders. The future historian will hardly be able to improve upon Mr. Johnson's narrative either as to this particular dramatic episode or the general army policy in the matter of news, or the handling of our troops in battle. But Mr. Johnson's story of the condition of unreadiness in which the Germans were caught in the St. Mihiel salient would have been more complete had he read the recently published account of General von Ledebur of the German army.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Contrasting Cultures

Oriental and Occidental Culture: an Interpretation. By Maurice Parmelee. The Century Company. $4.

SINCE every American traveler who has seen a sampan, a ricksha, or a pagoda seems ready to talk volubly about Eastern civilization, it is surprising that Mr. Parmelee's work is the first book in English to sketch in a complete outline the fascinating contrast between Eastern and Western culture. Bertrand Russell pictured certain phases of Chinese life with an almost naive adulation; Katherine Mayo drew a tory bill of indictment against India; Mr. Parmelee steers between these two extremes with a sure hand. He has produced an analysis of contrasting cultures that is compact, meaty, and illuminating—one of the most valuable books that has been written about the Orient.

We commonly say that our civilization is "higher" than that of the Orient, and Mr. Parmelee's survey seems clearly to justify our conviction. No beauty of ancient paintings or ecstasy of religious contemplation can make up for the human suffering of Oriental life, the starvation of the common worker, the twelve- and fifteen-hour day, the illiteracy and disease. Only an erratic aesthete like Lafcadio Hearn could balance a Japanese temple against a tractor and choose the temple. The trouble with most Westerners who act as purveyors of culture to the Orient is that they do not appreciate the limitations of our economic superiority. They assume that greater excellence in plumbing establishes a presumption in favor of our monogamy, our gun-boats, and our fundamentalism. Mr. Parmelee cuts through these assumptions with his keen analysis of the values in Oriental life. The East, he concludes, has much to teach the West in tranquillity, in clothes, and in sexual standards. About the latter he says:

> Without borrowing the sacrifice of the individual to the family system, the Occident may well learn from the Orient a franker recognition of sex and a more adequate means of satisfying the sexual need. Western writers usually denounce early Oriental marriage for the evils often associated with it, but ignore the greater evil of belated Occidental marriage. A good deal of Occidental legislation is directed toward the postponement of mating, such as the laws placing the age consent at sixteen or higher, some of the laws concerning seduction and rape, etc. The West should, on the contrary, endeavor to facilitate normal mating at an early age by encouraging the economic independence of women as well as of men, and the free use of contraceptive measures.

Incidentally, Mr. Parmelee does a real service in helping to deflate the Western image of Gandhi. The great leader of the non-cooperation movement has done much to give Indian Nationalism emotional intensity, but his attack upon the encroaching machine is childish and sentimental.

PAUL BLANSHARD

The Kept Young Man

Chéri. By Colette. Translated by Janet Flanner. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

COLETTE WILLY is about sixty-two now. Some French critics have charged her with being only a maudlin popular novelist; others have hailed her as the most vital writer of her generation. Before his death in a hermetically sealed sickroom Marcel Proust said that she was one of the few writers endued with the power of tears. The thirty volumes of stories, sketches, and dialogues which she has produced are chiefly marked by banal plots, but the style and outlook are imaginative and profound. She can be at one and the same time rhythmic, brutal, and delicate in a paragraph which often resembles a teeming passage from nature itself, by virtue not of labored descriptions but of rare divination. In other words, her method is as remote as possible from the literary, realistic, and psychological mannerisms of Paul Bourget and Anatole France under whose shadow she grew to womanhood.

Colette portrays herself in nearly every book she writes She keeps her aloofness but she spares none of her major or minor frailties. Like D. H. Lawrence, she searches for stigmata of generic humanity, and what she thus unearths she shares with us in a half-naive, half-sophisticated poetry. When she deals with landscapes, gardens, flowers, animals, trees, she merges completely with her subject. She is not a beyond-the-life writer; she is quite content to dwell within the burgeoning terms of life itself.

Such a novel as "Chéri" reveals the vast gulf that yawns between our civilization and the kind that is now passing away in Europe. The theme of the older woman who keeps a handsome young gigolo, in this case the son of one of her closest friends, is by no means new or startling. That Chéri and Nounoun, or Léa, should be irrationally in love does not sur-

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prise us; that they should ring such infinite changes in the give-and-take of their emotions, that they should so fuse and rush apart, does make us pause. Colette is sturdily visual and tactile; yet where a young post-war writer, either French or American, would be precise and sharp she is blurred and wistful. But the germ of survival is certainly within her.

PIERRE LOVING

France and the Poles

Et Demain? France, Allemagne et Pologne. Par Pierre Valmigère. Paris: Eugène Figuière. 10 frs.

ONCE the question of reparations and the Rhineland is settled it is inevitable that the center of European international discussions should swing east. Unless a German dictatorship should arise to interrupt the trend of Western European affairs as it has been since the Locarno treaties, the future subjects of policy and negotiation are certain to be the very points which those treaties left open, for which they could provide only a means of settlement for the very reason that the *status quo* was not acceptable. The questions of the eastern frontiers of Germany, the Corridor, and Upper Silesia are undoubtedly the coming questions. The book of M. Valmigère is a straw in the rising wind. Its thesis is briefly this: France has acquired Poland as an ally largely as a counter-weight to Germany. Poland is not a counter-weight but a weight, and will pull France down into struggles with which France has no concern whatsoever. The interests of France and Germany are one, and based on a civilization common to Western Europe and absent from its eastern fringe; to maintain this joint heritage a policy of rapprochement is desirable, leading to a federal state which would restore Charlemagne's ancient capital at Aix-la-Chapelle.

To prove his case M. Valmigère examines the present Polish-German relations, the problem of the minorities and of the Corridor, and also, as a related matter, the Anschluss. His discussion is an extraordinary combination. He documents his statements with the figures of the Upper Silesia plebiscite, with the speeches of Stresemann and Zaleski at the Lugano meeting of the Council, etc.; at the same time he attempts to discredit the Poles by story-mongering of the familiar women-and-children type that has become almost laughable since the war. The book has a certain importance, however, as further evidence of the existence of a group in France bent upon questioning the genuineness of security obtained through Polish alliance.

H. D. HILL

America's Fate

Who Will Be Master, Europe or America? By Lucien Romier. Translated from the French by Matthew Josephson. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

M. ROMIER was the founder and for some time the editor of *La Journée Industrielle,* one of the leading economic journals of Paris, and later, for two years, editor of the *Figaro.* The present book is the outcome of an extended visit to this country in 1927, undertaken with the object of discovering wherein and why America was outstripping Europe. So large a part of the book, however, is taken up with generalized observations, partly descriptive and partly theoretical, that one must be prepared to read a good many consecutive pages in which no mention is made of either of the regions which it is the primary purpose of the book to contrast. M. Romier's general thesis, on the other hand, is quite clear. Collectivism is displacing individualism, and politics is giving way to economics. What counts for most now is the mass, bent upon money-making, and less and less conscious of any difference between those who administer capital and those who create it. The doctrines of socialism, in so far as they posit the existence of a class struggle, have no application to this dominant regime. The chief danger of the proletariat is not that it may be crushed by capital and the "interests," but that it may come to represent a mere uniformity of individual thought and effort.

The material supremacy of America seems to M. Romier to be due primarily to the possession of a great area, undivided by national lines and rich enough in resources to enable it, especially by means of a protective-tariff policy and restriction of immigration, to go its way without much regard to the rest of the world. Its material progress will continue, M. Romier thinks, beyond the power of Europe to prevent it. The price that America has paid, however, for its prosperity, and the price that it must continue for some time to pay, is a backward intellectual life and a laggard interest in art and social refinement. At these points Europe, burdened though it is with nationalistic rivalries and family or cultural traditions, still holds the lead. We shall still garner in overwhelming measure the fruits of an enormous economic activity, and the pressure of the economic trend is hardly to be escaped, but the older world will continue to excel in the things of the spirit.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

An Unusual First Book

A mon gré. By René Glotz. Paris: Au Sans Pareil.

"A MON GRE," introduced to the literary world under the patronage of Georges Duhamel, is the first book of a Parisian author, twenty-five years of age. In a fly-leaf accompanying the volume Duhamel writes:

> I pity the man who, finally free from the bonds of adolescence, does not dash to the discovery of liberty, even were that liberty to bring him back to the springboard of departure a wiser man. Let him dash, then. Let him struggle. In the confused and prodigious opulence of youth let him try to make his first choice. Art is choosing. . . . Before all those who are going to read it and love it, I have read the first book of René Glotz and I cannot think about it without emotion. Yes, I pity the poet who does not exclaim at the start of adventure: And now, as I like it (à mon gré).

Since the publication of "A mon gré" it has gone through a number of editions and has been hailed with great enthusiasm by French critics. In what does the originality of the book lie? The author himself tells us a little of his purpose in the "Préludes où l'auteur cherche le *la*" and much more in a page at the very end of the book. In that last statement René Glotz says:

> This book is not a novel; a beginner felt like looking for something else. The rule followed in "A mon gré" is the apparent exclusion of all rules, a formula as broad and supple as inspiration itself. The subjects succeed each other, simply sketched, and are at once sacrificed for other sketches. This book is like a storehouse where the raw material of books is piled up; a reality where potential ones as well as non-potential ones are still dormant. . . .

"A mon gré" is about fairy tales, music, poetry, painting, philosophy—in fact one can think of few phases of life which are not touched in this book. It seems almost incredible that it is a first book and the product of so young a man. Nor should the reader carry away the impression that it is the work of a dilettante. There are depth of thought and of feeling, sensi-

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bility and profound sincerity; from the first page the author wins the interest and the sympathy of the reader. The style is classic, pure, free from affectation.

HÉLÈNE HARVITT

Fiction Briefs

Roux the Bandit. By André Chamson. Translated from the French by Van Wyck Brooks. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Regional literature in France leaps with an unchecked vitality singularly unaware of the mainstream in Paris, which is today, as it has nearly always been, self-conscious and civilized. Within itself, however, regionalism contains the germ of all movements and explosions and at the same time adheres to none. In M. Chamson's book neither *locale* nor mannerisms handicap its general appeal, for there is a quality in the plan and reach, as in Turgenev's "Sportsman's Sketches," that lifts it above time and place. Roux is a conscientious objector who vanished into the notches of the Cevennes Mountains at the first call of his country in the late war. He stayed in hiding until he became a warm legend in the valley —at first a symbol of treacherous revolt to the clan and later, as the villagers and the vine-growers grew tired of the unending struggle, something of a hermit-saint. When at last he is caught, after three long years of unspeakable privations endured in the fastnesses of the mountains, and given a twenty-year sentence, the taint of criminality has dropped away from him, and his martyrdom has fixed itself as an organic motion in the hearts of the valley people. The simple story is told by a peasant who talks to the author in the intervals of hunting. It is natural for the peasant to talk unhindered, and as he talks to lay bare the racial attributes bred by a region which lies close to the Spanish border: meridional extravagance, adoration of the land, and a touch of earth-born fantasy. The book loses as little as possible of the original flavor in Mr. Brooks's exemplary translation.

The Sun Cure. By Alfred Noyes. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.

Mr. Noyes has deserted poetry long enough to state his playful reaction to one of mankind's latest health fads. A very earnest vicar loses his clothes and his snobbery as the result of his first sun-bath. This description of his idyllic sojourn on the moors is full of satire and farce, and many references to elves and the better-known poets. It is, in fact, as supremely silly as only the British know how to be.

The Boroughmonger. By R. H. Mottram. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

The author of "The Spanish Farm Trilogy" has written an urbane tale of high finance in East Anglia during the first half of the last century. A parliamentary candidate is boosted on the shoulders of the church and the small-town banker into a position of functionless importance. There is just the right dose of "love" to carry the story along. In form it is a cross between Anthony Trollope and John Galsworthy. Mr. Mottram's prose is impeccable, but it carries an empty message.

The Grand Manner. By Louis Kronenberger. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Mr. Kronenberger has chosen a most sentimental theme and treated it with what may be termed a most witty gravity. His chief figure seems made for the melancholy and wistful touch: Rudolph the Fourth of Hedenstrom, whose royal life was one long series of disillusionments because his romantic

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temper was out of tune with the progressive, democratic spirit of his age. Mr. Kronenberger, seemingly without any effort, avoids all the opportunities for emotional writing. He is interested solely in his Stracheyan problem: the soul-portraiture of a royal personage. Even if he did not possess the gift of irony, he could not produce the teary emotional effects that seem so pat to the story because he is too preoccupied in noting the curve of his chief actor's career to think of playing to the gallery. This very absorption, perhaps, while it purifies Mr. Kronenberger's style, tends occasionally to devitalize it. At its best, however, it possesses a stimulating dry quality reminiscent of Stendhal. On the whole, a very promising first novel.

Overshadowed. By Eugene Lohrke. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

This novel is a study of the "genetrix" influence where the mother seals the son's fate by bidding him answer a war call in which she hears an echoing command from generations of ancestral generals and statesmen. Darrow's military career makes a sinister record of moral incompetence and physical and mental degradation enacted along the Western Front and the Rhineland. Sardonic in its implications and malevolent in its revelations, the book bears about it a heavy atmosphere of black magic, of things furtive. The style is suave and practiced for a first novel and well fitted to such a theme, but the facility is the kind that is apt to prove inflexible when adapted to more intricate plots.

Barbarian Stories. By Naomi Mitchison. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

What made a barbarian? To judge from these candid, adventurous tales of races that harassed the Roman legions even after conquest, it was the absence of Christian sentiment, of that non-utilitarian value that Christianity has tried to impose on women and children, on men's lives and deeds. Mrs. Mitchison succeeds with extraordinary force and subtlety in creating this distinction without any recourse to comparison. Such a psychological achievement, combined with the virtue of a graceful use of archaeological details and the gift of rapid, vivid narration, makes these stories of antiquity rivals of the best in similar contemporary fiction. There is only one major fault, the same fault that so marred the author's study of Anna Comnena—an occasional condescension to both readers and characters. The story of The Barley Field, Dorset, Early Bronze Age is no less barbaric than the story of The Goat, Cardiff, A.D. 1935, but it is much less convincing because much less is taken for granted by the author about both her audience and her subject matter.

Music

Music in Vienna

THE stream of music that used to flow out of Vienna is now hardly a trickle, but the performances of existing music have not diminished in quantity, and in six months I witnessed performances of opera, poorly set and staged, which were worth traveling to hear. Not, I agree, for the singing; but certainly as products of the entire ensemble of orchestra, chorus, and singers governed by the conductor. The Vienna Opera ensemble is in the position of an orchestra with a foundation of good strings and brass but poor solo woodwinds; as in most Continental cities there are only a few first-rate voices, the rest ranging from mediocre to, in one or two cases, downright atrocious. This means simply that in a per-

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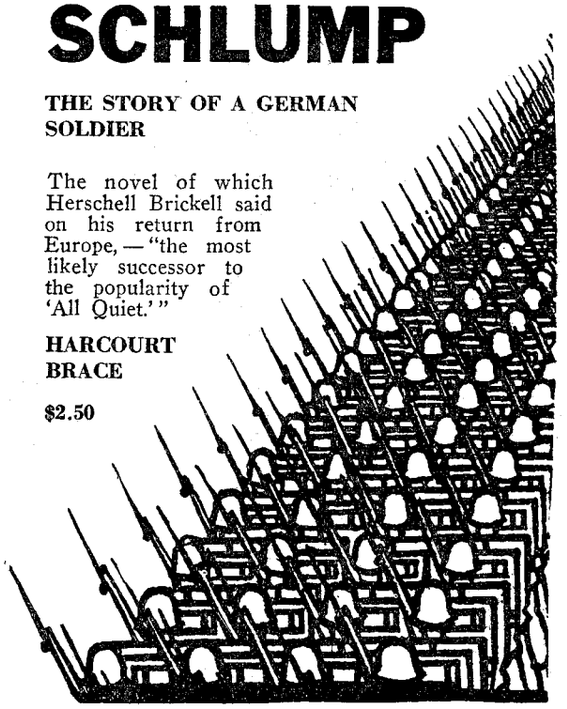

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formance some of the singers will be conveying the conductor's musical purpose in outline, leaving color, above the bare minimum, to be imagined. But the occasionally present chorus is excellent, and the framework of the performances is provided by an orchestra which I have not heard equaled in an opera house. I almost exclaimed from surprise and pleasure when I heard the first sounds from the pit; and I still wonder that an overworked body of men should be capable, on occasion, of work of such vitality and sensitiveness, such rich sonority and string tone. The occasions are those when a good conductor is in charge; and I must make the same reservation concerning the performances as a whole. Not only does the style of a performance depend upon the conductor, but the elements of a fine ensemble must be controlled by him to produce fine ensemble quality, especially when one of the elements is weak. And so the extraordinary performances in Vienna are those conducted by Richard Strauss; others conducted by Schalk are ragged and slovenly, and the orchestra is almost unrecognizable.

When one comes to orchestral concerts one finds a rather unexpected state of affairs for a city like Vienna. The famous Vienna Philharmonic is the orchestra of the Opera, and can give only eight subscription concerts a season, leaving the bulk of orchestral concerts—including those of the Society of Friends of Music and other organizations—to be supplied by the vastly inferior Vienna Symphony. In the opera house the Philharmonic is exceptional; in the concert hall it is not. The American who remembers the Philadelphia or Boston Symphony Orchestra can hear that the Vienna Philharmonic, considered merely as an instrument to be played on, is not their equal. Nevertheless, the disparaging reports that have been brought back to America of this and other famous German orchestras are not true. We tend to forget that the sumptuous tone of the Philadelphia orchestra leaves a rather wide margin of mere luxury above mere necessity; and if the German woodwinds please only the Germans, an unprejudiced listener must admit that its strings and brass, its sensitiveness and plasticity born of perfect discipline, make the Berlin Philharmonic, for example, a superb instrument. Not much less can be said for the Vienna Philharmonic: its strings are even finer, but all its wind instruments are less good, and its discipline is less perfect because it is not, like the other, a concert orchestra. It does not play so well in the concert hall as it does in the opera house, because it gives a concert only eight times a season after only two rehearsals, on these occasions under a visiting conductor; and it is then the instrument Furtwängler makes of it as he conducts it. This was demonstrated by the difference in the sound of the orchestra when it played in the "Magic Flute" under Strauss after it had played the Jupiter Symphony under Furtwängler.

What is true of the technical side of the performance is true of the interpretative side: the performances of the Vienna Philharmonic are only as good as Furtwängler can make them. Koussevitsky would produce intelligent, intelligible performances of Debussy even with this unsympathetic orchestra (its performance of "Nuages" and "Fêtes," which was ghastly, was announced as its first!); Furtwängler seems to share the inability of most German conductors, solely because of their education, to make the notes of such music convey musical sense. Since this only confirms the opinion of the Philharmonic's audience that the music has no sense, his limitation is not a limitation at all in Vienna; whereas it would be a serious objection to him in New York. And even the defects of his performances of the German music which he does understand and conduct well are simply ignored or impatiently denied because of the fascination of his personality. He enjoys in Germanic Europe a status which is phenomenal and excessive, the product of an enthusiasm that impressed me as wholly uncritical.

This brings me finally to the Viennese audience, which pre-

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sents a curious contradiction. Whether it is at a recital, a symphony concert, or the Opera that one listens to people talking, they give the impression of being unusually well equipped to listen and judge. One is surprised, therefore, by their behavior during performances: they talk in conversational tones, make nuisances of their librettos and scores, and consume candy noisily. It is even more surprising to find them uncritical. After a first-rate performance the applause is tumultuous and one's neighbors exclaim *fabelhaft!;* after something third-rate or fifth-rate the applause is tumultuous and one's neighbors exclaim *fabelhaft!*

B. H. Haggin

Drama

Chekhov's World

Miss Eva Le Gallienne opened the third season of her Civic Repertory Theater with a production of Chekhov's "The Sea-Gull," and as one watched the faithful audience gather one realized again that Miss Le Gallienne, without the adventitious aid of any sort of glamor, has succeeded where so many have failed. Her playhouse is dingy without being picturesque; her actors are competent without being Broadway favorites; and her advertisements, flouting the dictum of experts that the prosperous American public is not attracted by low prices, stress the fact that tickets are cheap. She invites people to come as unself-consciously as possible for no purpose except that of seeing good plays intelligently performed, and though many remarked in the words of her own favorite Ibsen that "people don't do such things," in this case they certainly do. Meanwhile the marble palace uptown which was to provide a suitable house for the performance of worthy drama under the patronage of all sorts of distinguished people is, I believe, at last to be torn down.

No happier choice could have been made than that which fixed upon "The Sea-Gull" as the play with which to open the new season; for though it was seen here last winter in a different production it is a work which even the professional playgoer is glad to witness again and again if only for the purpose of attempting once more to put his finger upon the secret of a charm which would be absolutely unique in the theater were it not for two other plays contributed by the same master. Certainly that charm is the charm of the mood generated by Chekhov's sympathetic and yet amused contemplation of his passionately futile puppets. Certainly the eye which noted so accurately their foibles was seconded by a spirit which understood because it shared their sense of helplessness. But what is the quality which makes his diverse characters all members of the same delightfully preposterous family, and how does he manage to make us see them as both laughable and heart-rending?

I once tried to answer the first of these questions by remarking that all the members of the weary society which he pictures are alike in that each, although almost mechanically pursuing love, fame, or honor, has outgrown all real belief in the importance of the end he is seeking and writes books, makes sacrifices, and even commits suicide more because he is following the patterns established by a previous generation than because he has any genuine faith in the importance of the abstractions which command any of these lines of conduct. Without being very deeply romantic or heroic he acts—with a wry smile—as though he were both, simply because he does not know any other way to act, and, let us say, gives up life for love not so much because he thinks the sacrifice worth while as because he does not think that he is sacrificing so very

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much. Another way of saying the same thing would be to say that he belongs to a race in which a certain vivacity has survived after the will is dead; that he continues, therefore, to have all the charm of delicate feelings and of quick intelligence without in the least knowing what to do with the life which has been granted him to live.

It is, moreover, because Chekhov sees his characters in this light that he is able to make their melancholy stories both sad and laughable. If tragedy is the thing which naturally results when we take human passions at the value which they seem to have for the persons who feel them, and if comedy is, on the other hand, the equally natural result of contemplating human actions with the cold eye of critical intelligence, then these personages of his demand some treatment which shall hover ambiguously between the two. The pattern which they follow is the pattern of tragedy since passions lead them to calamity, but it is only at moments that even they feel these passions to be great enough and important enough to justify the pomp of the form usually thought appropriate to such emotions. The detachment with which they criticize themselves invites the historian to see them in the perspective suggested by their own disillusion, and to laugh a little as they seem on the point of doing. Doubtless this futilely delightful group was the one which gave its characteristic flavor to pre-war Russia, but only Chekhov seems to have perfectly defined it.

Miss Le Gallienne's production is, on the whole, very satisfactory, and it is particularly effective during the two strongly dramatic scenes which emerge from the generally subdued course of the action—the scene in which the successful author Trigorin explains to the gushing young lady what it means to be a hard-working novelist of whom everybody says: "He is talented, charming—but he is not as good as Tolstoy"; and that in which the same Trigorin, quite aware of the trick which is being played upon him, is won back by his old mistress when she begins to assure him that his works are incomparable. The best individual performances are contributed by Merle Maddern as the spoiled actress, and by Jacob Ben Ami who plays Trigorin with the same thick accent which has for long been his curse but who seems to have conquered the mannerisms which have usually marred his performances on the English stage. In general it may be said that the first act is interpreted in too lugubrious a fashion but the remaining three strike very neatly the difficult tone required.

"Remote Control" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) has its scene laid in a broadcasting studio and is perhaps the most entertaining of the recent murder mysteries. "Murder on the Second Floor" (Eltinge) deals in the more subdued English fashion with a similar gruesome crime. "A Comedy of Women" (Craig), written and produced by the leading actor, is explicable only on the assumption that the latter had a longing to exhibit himself on the stage as one of those irresistible males whose chief trouble arises as the result of the fact that ladies will insist upon forcing their way into his apartment and pulling out one another's hair in disputes over his favors. The less said about the embarrassing proceeding the better.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Neither thrilling melodrama nor sophisticated comedy, Lee Wilson Dodd's "A Strong Man's House" (Ambassador Theater) provides thin entertainment. Mary Nash, as the female crook first betrayed and hardened and then redeemed by the power of Love with a capital L, acts sometimes with extreme genuineness and power and sometimes with an artificiality that ought to make even her lover suspect her. The thesis of the play, in addition to the uplifting of Miss Nash, is that the hero is equal to ten of his old reprobate of a father because his heart is pure. Which is all right as far as it goes, but its goal is not, evidently, successful polite comedy. D. V. D.

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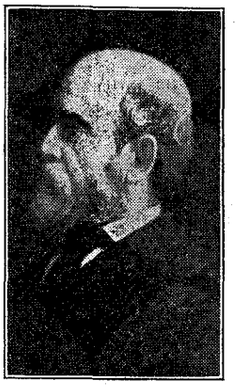

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International Relations Section

A New Status for Egypt

By ELIZABETH P. MacCALLUM

EGYPT is standing again at the threshold of one of those momentous decisions which it is called upon at rather frequent intervals to make. The Prime Minister, Mohammed Pasha Mahmud, has only recently returned from London with certain proposals "for a lasting and honorable settlement of the Anglo-Egyptian question." A parliament is about to be elected which is to determine whether or not these proposals shall be accepted as the basis of a future Anglo-Egyptian treaty. If they are accepted, Egypt is to have sweet foretaste of that emancipation from British control for which its leaders have long been yearning. If, on the other hand, the proposals are rejected, British and Egyptian pessimists who despair of settling Anglo-Egyptian problems except by force, one way or the other, will probably find their ranks appreciably enlarged.

Certain groups in England have expressed amazement at the far-reaching character of the concessions the Labor Government has offered to Egypt during the Parliamentary recess. It was probably his critics at home, therefore, whom Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had in mind when he made his recent statement on Anglo-Egyptian relations to the League Assembly in Geneva. He implied on this occasion that the modifications in the policy of the British Government were due neither to the charity of Downing Street nor to the truculence of Nationalist leaders in Egypt. His policy was a policy appropriate to a nation which for many generations has been nurturing free institutions among its own people. If Great Britain delayed too long in performing the "act of recognition" Egyptians so much desired, there might accumulate in Egypt political forces which would eventually present Great Britain "not with a request but with an ultimatum." To make peace with Egypt while there was still time to do it with honor and self-respect—this was wisdom.

With the abstract theory thus propounded by Mr. MacDonald at Geneva even some of the most conservative of his predecessors in office have declared themselves to be in hearty accord. But hitherto there has always intervened between the theory and its practical application that too-familiar phrase about the unripeness of the times. The applause with which the Assembly received the British Prime Minister's statement about Egypt this year was probably a spontaneous tribute to the government which had proved its ability to recognize mellowness when confronted with it.

The new proposals are in part as follows: The British Government has indicated its willingness to terminate the military occupation of Egypt; to support Egypt's request for membership in the League of Nations; to intrust to Egypt responsibility for protecting the lives and property of foreigners and the interests and rights of minorities in the country. An alliance is to be effected between the two countries, Egypt promising to afford Great Britain all the facilities and assistance in its power in case of war or menace of war. Great Britain undertakes to use all its influence to obtain a modification of the capitulatory regime in Egypt, so as to secure the application of Egyptian legislation to foreigners and so as to transfer to the Mixed Courts the jurisdiction of the existing consular courts, under conditions which will safeguard the legitimate interests of foreigners. Each country is to be represented in the territory of the other by an ambassador, the office of British High Commissioner in Egypt being abolished. (Already the Labor Government has caused the resignation of a notoriously autocratic High Commissioner and replaced him with an official whose tastes and experience make it improbable that he will seek a policy of deliberate coercion.)

Proposals which interest foreigners as well as Egyptians in a vital way deal with the protection of the Suez Canal, the officering of the Egyptian army, and the retention of foreign officials in the civil administration and in the police department in Egypt.

British troops are to be withdrawn from Cairo as soon as suitable quarters are provided for them in the Canal Zone. Here they will remain to guarantee British lines of communication, although the presence of these forces is not to constitute in any manner an occupation or to prejudice the sovereign rights of Egypt. Foreign aircraft is to be prohibited from flying over the canal zone.

British officers are to be removed from the Egyptian army; but a British military mission will tender it advice. British advisers are to be appointed in the future as in the past in the Departments of Justice and Finance, but henceforward they are to be selected by the Egyptian Government in agreement with the British Government, receiving their appointments as Egyptian officials from the Egyptian Government. For at least five years from the coming into effect of the proposed treaty the Egyptian Government is to retain a certain European element in the city police, but the European Bureau of Public Security itself is to be abolished. In case of a later reorganization of the police force, the British Government may provide assistance, either through individual experts or a police mission, in establishing the Egyptian police on a new basis.

The vexed question of the Sudan is not settled by the new Anglo-Egyptian proposals. The status of that country is not to undergo any immediate change. But if things go well Egypt may be permitted to send back to the Sudan at the time of the British evacuation of the valley of the Lower Nile a battalion of Egyptian soldiers to take the place of that battalion which was dismissed from the Sudan by the British at the time of the assassination of the Sirdar, Sir Lee Stack, in November, 1924.

Consternation filled the editorial columns of a number of newspapers in the Antipodes when the proposed treaty terms were published. The cry was raised that the Suez was no longer safe. A cheerless suggestion was also made that the Egyptian Nationalists, once restored to power, were quite capable of pandering to the mob by violating the treaty and adopting an anti-British policy. These views, reproduced in the London *Times,* have not escaped the attention of the British Government, which, however, shows no indications of having been moved by them to change its policy in the least degree. Dissatisfaction with the proposed arrangement was expressed in another quarter when Judge Crabitès, American representative on the Mixed Court in Cairo, issued a guarded warning in a dispatch to the New

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York *Times,* suggesting that the scheme provided insufficient safeguards for the interests of foreigners, whether resident in the country or merely passing through it.

Whatever the ultimate fate of the proposals, at least this much may be said of them that they constitute a distinct departure from British policy of the past. When Saad Pasha Zaghlul, militant Nationalist leader, went to London just five years ago to discuss Anglo-Egyptian relations with Ramsay MacDonald, then Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs, the conversations terminated abruptly almost as soon as they began. Zaghlul Pasha had asked for withdrawal of all British troops from Egypt, a relinquishment of the British claims to protect foreigners and minorities in the country, and of the claim to share in the protection of the Suez Canal. He demanded also the withdrawal of British judicial and financial advisers from the Egyptian administration and the disappearance of British control over the foreign policy of Egypt.

Mr. MacDonald refused to entertain Zaghlul Pasha's demands because they offered no security for British imperial communications, for the defense of foreign interests in Egypt, or for the protection of minorities; neither did they settle the question of the Anglo-Egyptian condominium in the Sudan, nor provide guaranties that some other foreign Power would not step in and assume a position in Egypt analogous to the one Zaghlul Pasha was asking Great Britain to relinquish. And these were the points on which Great Britain had declared in 1922 that it must have satisfaction.

Zaghlul Pasha died before there was any indication that Great Britain would compromise on any of the reserved points. Anti-British feeling in Egypt was resulting at the time in rioting, occasional bloodshed, and constant political obduracy. Sarwat Pasha, the Egyptian statesman who appeared in London three years later to talk over Anglo-Egyptian relations, succumbed like Zaghlul Pasha to the strain of negotiation and disappointment. But Sarwat Pasha before he died got quite a bit further than his Nationalist forerunner. He succeeded in negotiating in a friendly spirit with a Conservative Government in England, and he brought home a draft treaty in the secret pocket of his portmanteau. But that draft treaty did not survive the first discussion accorded it some time later by his Nationalist colleagues in the Egyptian Cabinet, and he had to resign.

Why is it that the British Government has decided at this precise juncture to suggest new terms to Egypt which go far beyond anything offered before? Is it because such action harmonizes with the political philosophy of the Labor Party? The apprehension expressed by Conservatives leads one to believe that the proposals may be in a sense a party measure. But it must not be forgotten that it was the Labor Party which in 1924 refused to do for Egypt the very things it now offers to undertake. Further explanation of the present change in British policy must be sought in Egypt.

Fourteen months ago Mohammed Pasha Mahmud, an Oxford-trained Liberal, came to power as the result of political scandal centering in the person of the former Prime Minister, the accredited leader of the Nationalists. Almost immediately the new Prime Minister persuaded the King to dissolve Parliament for a period of three years, because of what he considered its complete preoccupation with selfish, partisan interests. He undertook a wide program of reform. Legislation by royal decree was easy to secure and relatively expeditious. The catalogue of his achievements during the past year is in marked contrast to the record of his predecessors in office. Without any general press censorship or prohibition of political meetings, public security has improved, while crime, political and otherwise, has decreased. An agreement for the conservation and distribution of the Nile water supply has been entered into with the British Government, whereby Egypt's right to exercise a preponderating influence on the general development of works designed to store the waters of the Nile even in territories outside Egyptian administrative control is recognized. A commission has been at work studying plans for eliminating stagnant ponds, providing all villages and towns with pure drinking water, and meeting the housing shortage. State lands have been divided among peasants in small holdings for which payment is to be made on easy terms. Hospitals are planned for villages and larger communities.

The Nationalists, deprived of the position they recently held in the country, have protested vigorously against the suspension of the constitution. But the inhabitants as a whole have not joined in the protest, having lost during the regime of the "business Cabinet" a good deal of that extreme sensitiveness to political stimulation which was formerly so marked a feature of their life.

Just what the political strength of the Nationalists now amounts to it is impossible to judge. It is not an altogether easy task that Mohammed Pasha Mahmud has before him in any case. In the present period of suspense the most that can be said of his achievement is that it has enabled Great Britain at last to go half way in meeting Egyptian demands.

***The Nation* Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.**
526M.—WMCA—750 K.
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